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THE MONTH

SEPTEMBER 1951

FURTHER OUTLOOK

J. H. F. McEWEN

THE ELECTRIC HARE

Some Aspects of Graham Greene

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

EXPEDITION TO THE KANUKUS—I

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CAPTAIN J. H. F. McEWEN, M.P. for Berwick and Haddington 1931-45, was Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Scotland, 1939-40. His publications include *The Fifth Camerons*, *The Last of the Villavides* and several volumes of poetry. He has recently translated François Mauriac's novel, *That Which Was Lost*.

THE HON. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST's writings were the subject of an article in the August issue of THE MONTH.

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FR. GODFREY ANSTRUTHER is a contributor to *Blackfriars*, *The Ransomer*, etc.

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FURTHER OUTLOOK

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LIFE AND LEISURE

By

J. H. F. McEWEN

MAN is an inquisitive animal. Whether that is a good thing for man or not is outside the scope of this present article. All one can say is that it is better probably to be possessed of a modicum of inquisitiveness than to be completely indifferent. To love one's neighbour after all implies some degree of interest in him in the first place, which is nothing to do with indifference. On the other hand to carry that interest too far, to probe too deeply into one's neighbour's affairs, is rightly to incur the accusation of being a busybody. In any case, and acting, it may be presumed, on the highest motives, there do seem to be a remarkable number of earnest seekers after sociological truth abroad today. Never before was the ordinary citizen so liable when in pursuit of his lawful occasions to be buttonholed by perfect strangers in the guise of Mass Observation officers or Gallup Poll officials asking him searching questions about his mode of life; or worse still, to be pounced upon by facetious gentlemen with trailing microphones into which to be invited to stammer his opinion on matters of which, to do him justice, he has never professed to have the slightest knowledge, for the benefit of the listening millions who, one is led to suppose, are awaiting impatiently to absorb his most trivial utterance. But that those same listening millions are interested is an undeniable if curious fact. Lord Salisbury, speaking the other day in the House of Lords on the future of the historic country houses of this country, remarked that the interest of such places to the general public was enhanced by the fact of the family that owned them still being in residence. For it is not more museums that they want but an

opportunity of seeing how another section of the community lives.

Messrs. Rowntree and Lavers, in their latest survey,¹ do their best on a vastly greater scale to satisfy this natural curiosity. Their object, by means of case-histories and enquiries into a number of subjects of topical interest such as Sexual Promiscuity, Drink, Smoking, Cinema-going and so forth, is to present "a reasonably accurate general impression of the philosophy of life of a majority of the people dwelling in England and Wales." The claim is a large one, and only with important reservations can it be conceded that the authors have made it good.

The first part of the book is devoted to a series (over 200) of case-histories: next follow some half a dozen chapters each one dealing with a certain aspect, as revealed by these investigations, of the "philosophy of life" of the people concerned: then comes a detailed survey of the leisure-time activities of the population of High Wycombe—"We have selected High Wycombe primarily because we both live there and also because it is particularly well suited to our purpose.") And lastly is an account of Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree's personal investigation of the conditions of life in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. This, therefore, as the reader will have gathered, is a serious work of wide scope, and even in places where its shortcomings are most apparent never fails to be revealing. To politicians in particular it can be recommended as being of highly relevant interest. The sincerity of the investigators is never in doubt. They are obviously humane, cultivated and intelligent men, doing their best to present a balanced and objective account of what they see and hear. If, as a consequence of this straining after objectivity, their handling of the subject tends sometimes to savour overmuch of the laboratory the fault may be excused as being to a large extent inherent in the subject itself. For this is not a subject to be treated lightly. It is in fact plainly a highly dangerous one. To understand just how dangerous it is it should be seen in its proper evolutionary setting, thus: Stage I: the census, that is, the counting of all heads; Stage II: the plebiscite, that is, the counting of all heads of one kind; Stage III: the statistical survey, that is, the discovery of what every head contains, which leads to the final stage which is "human

¹ *English Life and Leisure: A Social Study*, by B. Seeböhm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers (Longmans 1935).

engineering"—that is, the cutting-off of as many of the heads as seem to you to be superfluous or, it may be, obnoxious. But to return to the matter in hand: as long as they are dealing with definite subjects upon which it is possible to draw certain conclusions based upon purely statistical calculations the authors are on firm ground. Take for instance the vexed question of drink. To this they devote their longest chapter, and as an example of how to treat a contentious subject, not only by reason of its comprehensive handling but also in virtue of the studiously careful conclusions they draw as a result of their enquiry, it stands deservedly high. In effect this is how they sum the matter up: "There is still a grave drink problem in Britain. It does not manifest itself in excessive drunkenness, but in the high total consumption of a large number of mainly moderate drinkers. The result is twofold. On the national side, resources and labour are diverted to the drink industry to an extent that is unreasonable. . . . On the personal side, the proportion of individual incomes spent on drink is so high as to lessen savings, the material well-being of many families is imperilled, and an unknown, but certainly large, number of individuals fail to achieve the success in life that might have been theirs had they been more temperate. . . . We recommend strongly that experiments should be carried out with cafés that conform roughly to the Continental pattern where a customer can sit, talk, read the papers, look at the other customers, and perhaps listen to music. . . ." And they go on to suggest that such cafés should be subsidized from the profits of a publicly controlled liquor trade. Which, as the saying is, is another matter, and one, moreover, into the discussion of which there is no call, here and now, to enter. Nevertheless with the general conclusions as summarized above there are few probably who would disagree. And the same can be said of the treatment of other cognate subjects such as Smoking, the Cinema, the Stage, Broadcasting, and Commercialized Gambling. But—and the conjunction should stand in capitals—it is when we come to the matter of Religion that the feeling begins to grow on us that all direction has been lost and that we are groping about in a peculiarly dense fog. It is the usual fog which invariably descends whenever Protestants start to discuss the Church. The very mention or sight of the words *Roman Catholic* has a curious effect upon the average non-Catholic Englishman; they cause

him instantly to leave the ground—either through jumping into the air in sheer uncontrollable rage, or else gently sailing up into the clouds wrapt in a well-intentioned but wholly misconceived trance of self-hallucination. It could not conceivably be said of Mr. Rowntree and his colleague that they belong to the first of these two categories; at the same time to assert with confidence that they consistently succeeded in keeping both feet on the ground would be to ask too much. To begin with, and in order to indicate the pea-soup consistency of the prevailing fog, here are two quotations from the chapter headed Religion:

We were greatly impressed by the wise and cautious statement of one Director of Education who said to us: "A great many teachers are in a state of religious bewilderment. They know they want something, they do not know quite what it is and they cannot find it in the Church. Like many persons outside the teaching profession they find it impossible to accept the Creed as it stands and they do not like making subtle mental reservations when they say it . . . religious thought is in a highly fluid state and it is impossible to be sure that any professional conclusions that are arrived at are valid. For this reason it is extremely difficult to teach religion in schools, because people who are not sure that their ideas are valid dare not teach them to the young."¹

It is in our view certain that people will never again seek from the Churches *in their present form* the inspiration that they should obtain from them. It is perhaps not much less certain that the general level of spiritual life is not yet high enough to dispense with some central institution, even though it may not need a large professional priestly class.²

Now it is surely no exaggeration to say that the implications of these two extracts when considered dispassionately are little short of staggering. Here you have on the one hand a man holding a highly responsible position in the educational hierarchy stating in so many words that "a great many" of those in whose hands the teaching, religious and otherwise, of the children of this country lies are in so fluid a state of mind that they can no longer subscribe to the Creed without making "mental reservations"; and, furthermore, that while they have no idea what it is they are looking for they are quite certain, whatever it is, that it cannot be found "in the Church." And this truly appalling statement is blandly commended by the authors as being "wise and cautious."

¹ p. 359.

² p. 367.

The second extract is frankly even more bewildering than the first. Unless, in the writers' view, "the Churches" change their form they are doomed to extinction. How does a Church change its form? And what sort of ecclesiastical residue is to be expected as a result of such a metamorphosis? As to the remark about the level of spiritual life not yet being high enough to enable the central institution to be dispensed with one can only suppose that this is an indication of the influence of Marxian thought in a sphere hitherto hopefully regarded as being immune.

So much then for the general attitude towards religion of the chief investigators; and having seen now what it is the reader will turn in no very hopeful mood to the passages dealing with the Church and Catholic belief more specifically. Nor will he be deceived. Take for example the case-histories to which reference has already been made. Of the 220 persons there interviewed thirteen are described as being Catholics, of whom only one is said to be *pratiquant*. Now without casting any aspersions on the method of choosing the witnesses in question such a low ratio cannot in all fairness be said to be representative. All that one is entitled to say is that the impression conveyed is an unfortunate one.

Again, it is difficult to avoid the feeling that even where statistically the Catholic side emerges favourably there is a perceptible tendency to explain the advantage, such as it may be, away. Thus in the chapter on High Wycombe we are told, after being shown a table wherein it is stated that there are ten Anglican and eleven Methodist churches in the town aggregating congregations of 710 and 727 respectively and one Catholic church with a congregation of 670, that of course we must bear in mind in considering these figures that "the one Roman Catholic church draws its congregation from neighbourhoods extending some miles outside the town." And a few pages later the following sentence occurs: "Church attendance is not an acid test of spiritual life." It may not be, but if so, one feels compelled to ask, why all these laments about diminishing Protestant congregations?

In a final summing up on the religious question the authors give their considered opinion as follows:

Though the Protestant churches . . . will no doubt continue to exist as a symbol . . . it is inconceivable to us that they will ever again be a dominant force in the religious life of the nation. . . . In so far

as the Roman Catholic Church is concerned we [believe] . . . that it will remain vigorous. In all probability it will continue to attract a steadily increasing proportion of the nation's steadily diminishing Church membership. But the reason for the success of Rome is, we believe, also the reason for what we consider to be its inevitable ultimate decline, namely . . . spiritual totalitarianism.

So that in the end is all that it amounts to. Standing at the apex of the twentieth century these men of the Protestant tradition, men of good will, give it as their considered opinion, bleakly and categorically, that the form of Christian belief in which they themselves and the majority of their countrymen were brought up is doomed. But what of the Catholic Church, the older tradition still? There she stands, the Bride of Christ, before their very eyes, resplendent, terrible as an army with banners, revealed for what she is by the very statistics which they themselves have so laboriously compiled. Is it possible that they can look upon so much and still not see? *The Roman Catholic Church* (they are writing away busily) *is certainly very vigorous. In all probability it will continue to attract a steadily increasing proportion, etc. But of course ultimately . . . totalitarianism . . . etc. "But ultimately . . ."*—the ancient cry of the Church's enemies down the ages, and now uttered from the standpoint of a 400-year-old tradition as against one of 2,000! But in the meantime so absorbed are they in their work that they never once raise their eyes.

THE ELECTRIC HARE

SOME ASPECTS OF GRAHAM GREENE

By

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE QUALITY of an artist's criticism (if he chooses to write any) depends on the level from which his art is drawn. By "criticism" I here mean, not only book reviews and the like, but essays on current events, collections of *obiter dicta*, pamphlets and other direct expressions of opinion. Journalism, in fact. Few artists—even literary ones—indulge in journalism if they can help it; nowadays they seldom can help it, partly for pecuniary reasons and partly because the coaxes and threats of the modern world make such activity almost irresistible. Hence the undertone of exasperation to be detected in so much contemporary criticism written by people who would prefer to be doing something quite different. To be sure, this note of resentment is not exclusively modern: it rasps through many of Hazlitt's critical essays, for Hazlitt (we know) would rather have been painting in the style of Titian, or at least (we suspect, after reading that extraordinary, uncomfortable and underrated performance, the *Liber Amoris*) writing autobiographical fantasies. Thus the admittedly very high quality of his criticism depends on a creative level of perception, as does that of De Quincey and Baudelaire. This kind of criticism is not necessarily more useful than the ordinary kind, which combines aesthetic appreciation, sometimes of a rather rudimentary order, with the ability to see life whole and above all in the perspective common to the general run of men and women. Such criticism tends to be extravert in character. We see it at its most efficient in writers like Macaulay, Sainte-Beuve, Walter Bagehot, Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Raymond Mortimer, V. S. Pritchett, Sir Desmond MacCarthy. The "point of view" is there all right, but it is unemphatic and

wears a provisional, worldly air. Such writers are not deeply committed—as Baudelaire, for instance, was—by the narrow and compulsive nature of a creative vision. They are transigent, except when up against the Hydra of stupidity. They do not *observe* life, they *know* it; and their reflections have the tolerance that comes of participation.

Because they look on, from positions of their own, we tend to think of introverts as unobservant. This is as great a mistake as to imagine that short-sighted people notice nothing, or that the inarticulate do not know what is in our minds. The introvert artist—and critic—*peers* at everything, and sees the more clearly for doing so. Here I am thinking again of Hazlitt—not for his own sake but as a stalking horse behind which to approach the subject of this essay; for while reading Graham Greene's *The Lost Childhood*¹ and recalling the novels which have preceded it, I have found the figure of Hazlitt continually interposing itself. The mixture of bonhomie and sudden bitter rage; the tenderness in the face of youth and innocence; the nostalgia; the taste for "low life" (the setting of the *Liber Amoris* is precisely that of a Greene novel); the overriding sense of an intolerable moral burden: yes, Graham Greene, as revealed in his fiction and his criticism, has much in common with Hazlitt.

I do not suppose that Mr. Greene will relish this comparison, for in his essay on Sterne he has some hard things to say about the circle of Charles Lamb. But it must be emphasized that Hazlitt's critical level had far more in common with that of Baudelaire than with Lamb's tea-and-toast attitude, which was assumed in our own day by E. V. Lucas, A. C. Benson and Edmund Gosse. Whatever these writers may have thought of themselves, their attitude betrays a fundamental lack of seriousness that is most un-French and as foreign to Hazlitt as it is to Graham Greene. Not that either is in the least heavy—as German critics, though serious enough, so often are. The style—easy, conversational, yet never slovenly—carries us along with it, and the humour never misses fire; indeed, Mr. Greene's review of a solemn German book about a talking dog would make a cat laugh. At the same time, this lightness of touch has nothing in common with the maddening whimsicality that goes with cynicism or obtuse self-pity.

¹ Eyre and Spottiswoode 12s 6d.

The essays in *The Lost Childhood* are catholic in both the usual senses of the word. They are clearly "occasional," yet none of them gives the impression (so common in this kind of collection) of having been written against the grain. The net is cast wide among novelists past and present, but you may look in vain for a mild writer—unless it be Walter de la Mare, and he is a doubtful case. Perhaps, too, we should except Miss Dorothy Richardson; but it is typical of Mr. Greene that even here he has contrived to pick out, from the four enormous volumes of *Pilgrimage*, a most uncharacteristic passage dwelling on the unpleasant certainty of death—not, I should have thought, a preoccupation of this novel's heroine. Yet this rather eccentric standpoint is but one result of a consistent tone of feeling—not, this time, the author's creative imagination, but his pervasive religious sense. Every page of this book is saturated in the belief that original sin is the most important fact about human beings. While it would not be true to say that, to those who believe in "natural" goodness, these essays must remain without interest or value, it is unlikely that Mr. Greene's critical judgments can be properly appreciated without reference to the doctrine of original sin, which alone gives meaning to the dichotomy of absolute Good and Evil. I have heard this doctrine described as romantic, and its application in the novels of Mauriac, Greene and Bernanos as melodramatic, by rationalists and others to whom the Catholic faith is incomprehensible or repellent. Such people would have us regard sin and wickedness as remediable aberrations from the norm, which is (so they say) "ordinary, decent human feeling." To Catholics it must, on the contrary, seem that, divorced from supernatural sanctions, as it so largely is in the modern world, "ordinary decent human feeling" shows itself remarkably helpless against the forces in which it professes to disbelieve. In fact, the Dark Angel has his way more easily in a period which ignores his existence and does some of his work for him by concentrating more and more exclusively on material issues. In such a period the Catholic writer has one advantage: his religion dispenses him from grinding any political axe. At a time in which a major writer can hardly hope to escape an enquiry into his politics, who bothers to ask where lie Graham Greene's allegiances? His novels answer no such question, nor does *The Lost Childhood*. Yet I have never heard him accused of escapism or of not being (as

the French say) committed. It is only too clear that he is deeply committed, though not to the theory that any conceivable revolution, or social legislation, or whatnot, could save or lose a single human soul. With increasing power his novels declare the same truth, that ultimately nothing matters except sin and redemption.

In the first thorough-going study of this writer Kenneth Allott and Miriam Farris have taken this as the focal point of a most intelligent book.¹ Where his own personality and spiritual development is concerned, Graham Greene has scattered hints up and down his travel books and in the autobiographical essays in *The Lost Childhood*. These may appear more revealing (because in some cases more startling) than they really are, for Mr. Greene is like the electric hare whom the racing dogs are not *meant* to catch. Meanwhile, the authors of this study are, as greyhounds, efficient enough. Dividing their book into three stages, they see Mr. Greene's literary career as a progress from the "divided mind," the conscience made uneasy by failure to realize the Christian ideal through an intense consciousness of the "fallen world" (fallen because porous to evil), to a no less overwhelming pity for the soul at odds with itself. It is Mr. Greene's ambivalent attitude to pity (he considers it the characteristically adult emotion) that is responsible for his greatest creative triumph—the whisky priest in *The Power and the Glory*—but also for the curious ambiguity that has puzzled critics of *The Heart of the Matter*. It is impossible, I think, not to love Scobie—the author does everything in his power (and how much that is!) to ensure that we do so—yet are we allowed to conclude that he was some kind of saint? Not at all: on the contrary, he was, it now appears, a fumbler and muddle-pate. This is all very uneasy; I for one remain only half convinced and am not surprised that "this ambiguity about the nature of goodness . . . has led certain French critics to maintain the existentialist nature of Greene's fiction." I cannot avoid the suspicion that the ingrained puritanism of background which Mr. Greene shares with all but a handful of English Catholics, whether converts or by birth, of the past three hundred years—is responsible for his striking lack of magnanimity towards the creatures (especially the female creatures) of his imagination. He has, it seems to me, accepted

¹ *The Art of Graham Greene* (Hamish Hamilton 1959).

too uncritically Péguy's famous willingness to be damned for the sake of others. If not understood as a paradox, this would really be an abominable state of mind, for our souls are not our own: they belong to God, and we have no business to damn them, on any pretext whatsoever. But in fact we have no reason to believe that *any* act which is dictated by selfless love, however mistaken and whatever the immediate consequences, could lead to damnation. To achieve that, Grace has to be refused, and where love is, Grace is operative. Only a positive hatred of God can lead to damnation.

It is the same obdurate refusal to "shrug the shoulders and say: 'After all, God is merciful'" (the phrase is Monsignor Knox's) that commits Mr. Greene to the outrageous statement that "we are damned by our thoughts, not by our acts." If that were so, hardly a single creature would escape damnation, for we cannot control our thoughts, we can only correct them; and that, surely, is all we are required to do. What other meaning has repentance?

Throughout these essays Mr. Greene's acute sense of the absolute quality of good and evil gives his judgments firmness and solidity. "To render the highest justice to corruption you must retain your innocence: you have to be conscious all the time within yourself of treachery to something valuable." That is a profound and crucial truth; it underpins, not only Mr. Greene's own fiction, but some of the greatest novels of the past, including those of Balzac and Dickens; and it is as it were the motto of that wonderfully touching film, *The Fallen Idol* (so superior in every way to *The Third Man*). But its context is an essay on Henry James, and here I feel that the creative level from which he perceives James has led Mr. Greene into exaggeration. We are all apt to credit the authors we most admire with sharing our own *Weltanschauung*, and I cannot but think that in saddling Henry James with his own preoccupations, Mr. Greene ignores too much that does not fit his theory. Densher and Kate Croy, the Prince and Charlotte Stant—these are the characters on whom Mr. Greene's case mainly rests—are indeed tough and self-seeking; I should hardly have thought they had the superhuman stature which pure evil confers upon even its most wretched victims. Densher, indeed, involves himself in a predicament which recalls Scobie's. His motives are in fact not wholly bad: if they had been

the novel as a whole would have had less power to interest and move us. To adapt a remark of Father Martindale's, men do ill from mixed motives, and the result has the exhilaration of tragedy. With *The Portrait of a Lady* Mr. Greene is on firmer ground, because there the evil is unmitigated, and the "ordinary human decency" of Isabel Archer is (as usual) helpless against it, except to the extent of refusing participation. The novel is a masterpiece, but it is a comparatively early work; in later years Henry James found the mixed motive more fruitful, because it lent itself more completely to the subtleties of his literary method. Comparing *Brighton Rock* with *The Heart of the Matter* and *The Power and the Glory*, we conclude that Mr. Greene has made the same discovery.

Few modern writers in English command so admirably direct and economical a style as Graham Greene. A master of narrative, he is no less skilful at holding our attention in his critical essays. On the other hand, I am inclined to grumble that *The Lost Childhood* is insufficiently edited. Some of the items are obviously too short. No doubt their original length was dictated by the space at the writer's disposal; but that is no excuse for reprinting them just as they were (undated too—another sin), when in many cases the arguments put forward could have been made more persuasive by extension and example. Again, the first three articles on Henry James (written, it is clear, at different times) contain much repetition and would have profited by being recast as a single essay. But these faults, as I see them, do not seriously affect the impression made by the book as a whole. Whatever he is writing about Graham Greene is so intensely alive that the reader cannot but respond to the dazzling combination of intelligence and strong feeling. Again and again, in these pages, the light jumps from green to red and some image of extraordinary precision and originality warns us that a creative artist is addressing us. Of the liturgy:

No one can long fail to discover how superficial is the purely aesthetic appeal of Catholicism; it is more accidental than the closeness of turf.

Of Walter de la Mare:

His use of prose reminds us frequently of a blind man trying to describe an object from the touch only—"this thing is circular, or nearly circular, oddly dinted, too hard to be a ball: it might be, yes it might be, a human skull."

Of Samuel Butler:

[He] wanted to stuff himself neck and crop between the teeth of time.

Of Titus Oates:

[He] occurs like a slip of the tongue.

Of Colonel Davis, the dictator of Grand Bassa:

He connected like a poem with ordinary life.

Such illuminations reflect their light back upon the author, but fail to hold him. Reviewers have, not unnaturally, pounced upon the fragment of autobiography entitled "The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard." This curious confession is disturbing, as any sign of desperation always is; but when Mr. Greene concludes, after finally returning the revolver to the cupboard, that he simply went off to Paris, because "the war against boredom had got to go on," we do not feel that we have been told the whole truth about the episode. Not that Mr. Greene is under any obligation to tell us more than he wishes; but theories built on self-revelation of this kind are precarious. The electric hare, we must remember, is still ahead.

Meanwhile Mr. Allott's and Miss Farris's approximation should be read, for within its chosen limits it is admirable. By approaching their subject coolly and circumspectly, by avoiding inordinate praise and extravagant epithets, they leave the reader with an exact impression of Graham Greene's present achievement.

EXPEDITION TO THE KANUKUS—I

By

G. WILSON-BROWNE

THE FORESTS of South America still remain one of the greatest hunting-grounds of botanists. From the time of the eccentric clergyman Mutis, who travelled down the Amazon with an expedition of twenty-two painters, scores of plant collectors have penetrated these regions. For several years intensive plant exploration has been carried on in what are known as the Guiana Highlands, a large area of high land stretching from south of the Orinoco through the three Guianas and into Brazil. A great deal of the work has been conducted by the New York Botanic Gardens under the leadership of Dr. Basset Maguire. The Guiana Highlands are for the most part of sandstone formation varying from 3,000 to 6,000 feet and include the famous Mount Roraima of British Guiana. But here and there igneous formations of jagged granite peaks break through the huge sedimentary deposits. Probably the largest group of these igneous formations are the Kanuku Mountains of British Guiana.

The Kanuku ranges lie for the most part just north of latitude 3°, in the extreme south of British Guiana. They are almost surrounded by rolling cattle-rearing savannahs and thus separated to a certain extent from the main Guiana and Brazilian forests. The sandstone formations of the Guiana Highlands are generally bare-topped and support only small vegetation. But "Kanuku" in the Wapishana language means "great forest" and these ranges, varying in height from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, are entirely covered with heavy jungle. They rise with extraordinary abruptness out of the savannahs, unexpectedly as an island in the Pacific. Except for the foothills, which have been investigated by Dr. A. C. Smith, the mass of the Kanukus remain unexplored. Not even the Indians cross them—there is no reason why they should, for

it is quicker and safer to skirt them by way of the savannahs. Small villages of the Wapishana and Makushi tribes lie close to the foothills, and a fair amount of hunting goes on in the more immediate ranges. But the plentiful game does not attract the Indians far into the mountains, and the central ranges remain devoid of any sort of trail.

The granite formation of the Kanukus together with their comparative isolation from the main Guiana plateau has favoured the growth of a large number of endemic plants, and it was this that led the author, with the financial help of the Forestry Department of British Guiana, to penetrate and spend some six months collecting and exploring the flora of these difficult and unknown mountains. The final report of the results of the collection is being drawn up by the New York Botanic Gardens, botanists both in Europe and America co-operating and working on groups of plants in which they are expert. It is expected that some eighteen species new to science have been found, as well as numerous other species native to South America, but never before found in British Guiana. The present article is not a scientific report, but a human account of the work and difficulties of a field botanist working in a part of South America loved and travelled over by a great many historic characters—the two Schomburgks, Charles Waterton, im Thurm, Humboldt and a great many other scientists and travellers.

The Jesuit Fathers of the English Province have for years worked among the various Indian tribes of the interior of Guiana and have set up two main mission stations in the extreme south of the colony, close to the Brazilian border. One is to the south of the Kanuku ranges at Sand Creek among the Wapishana tribe; the other lies on the Takutu River, the dividing line between Brazil and British Guiana, a tributary of the Rio Negro which flows into the Amazon. This last station, St. Ignatius, lies to the north of the Kanukus. Without these two bases and the co-operation of Father McKenna and Father Banham, my task would have been immeasurably more difficult. I decided to travel from the southern ranges nearest to Sand Creek across to the northern ranges on the side of St. Ignatius.

Only two years ago a long and difficult journey by boat up the River Essequibo had to be made in order to break through the main Guiana forest and enter the Rupununi savannahs. Now,

thanks to the industry and skill of an American flyer, Major A. Williams, the long journey has been reduced to a few hours.

Taking off from Georgetown, the capital of the colony, I was soon bumping over the Rupununi savannahs on an improvised air-strip near the ranch of Mr. John Melville at Wichabai. On the horizon I saw the massed ranges of the Kanukus. My baggage was piled around me on the soggy savannah. Heavy tarpaulins, plant presses, aluminium corrugates, stoves and kerosene for drying the plants lay stacked for the expedition. Together with the other paraphernalia for a prolonged stay in the damp rain forest, our equipment weighed over 1,800 pounds, and this would soon be increased by local supplies of Indian food such as farine, dried meat, cassava bread, etc.

After three or four days of reconnoitring in the vicinity of Sand Creek, where the Rupununi begins to cut through the Kanukus, a disused balata hut at the foot of Mount Bulakuk-tabai-ial was chosen as a starting-point. Baggage and equipment were piled into John Melville's heavy boat and a crew of about eight Wapishana Indians picked to handle the boat over the rocks, as the river was already low. There were no heroics in getting over the numerous sets of rapids. The Indians plunged over the side of the boat into the swirling waters with long ropes, chattering and laughing whilst they swam out and fixed the ropes to suitable rocks or trees. At least they were free from the innumerable cabauro flies, and I was sorely tempted to plunge into the water myself in order to obtain some respite from this minute scourge of the South American rivers. In spite of their different local names these blood-sucking flies are of the same species whether found in Brazil, Venezuela or Guiana and still inflict the torments so vividly described by Schomburgk in his explorations of the Rupununi and Orinoco. They are the size of an English midge but when gorged with blood become as large as a black pinhead. As they buzz around ankles, face and hands in small clouds, they can soon make one very irritable. If the bite is not scratched, which demands a great deal of self-control, a neat black scar forms and remains for about two weeks. But if the bite is scratched intensely, the wound is likely to fester. Very little is known about them, except that they seem to breed only in fast-flowing waters, so that large stretches of the rivers are comparatively free from them. But it is impossible for Indians

to build their huts near cabauro-infested waters or to paddle down the Rupununi without wearing clothes. Eventually the mountains began to close in as the Rupununi cut its way through them, and just before dusk we reached the agreed spot at the foot of Mount Bulakuk-tabai-ial.

The baggage was carried through the swampy undergrowth of the river bank and piled up in the rough, rotten, ite-palm shelter. The Indians, anxious to get further down the river in order to bring up corn, went off, leaving me with a mound of crates and piled-up baggage. Two Arawaks promised by the Forestry Department had not yet arrived, nor had Indian guides from Sand Creek village. It is impossible to work to time in the Rupununi. Calendars and watches mean nothing.

The forest completely engulfed my mouldering shelter, while creepers and vines grew along its rather unsafe-looking roof. The first thing I noticed was two black snakes, twisting and twining round each other among the thatching, evidently male and female. I thought it would be dangerous to attack them while I was alone and hoped they would soon become accustomed to their uninvited guest. I lit both pressure lamps and prepared to spend a very uncomfortable night. When one is alone in the jungle, quite small animals fidgeting in the dry undergrowth seem to make an uproar, while the raucous calls of night birds and the screaming of monkeys can work on the imagination. But after a month or so one gets used to all the strange noises, and I often slept quite alone at an advance camp far in the mountains with very little anxiety.

At dawn I must have dropped off into a deep sleep, for the sun was already sending bright shafts of light through the forest top when I was awakened by shouts and commotion coming from the opposite bank of the Rupununi. After a few minutes the bushes parted and the smiling face of Father McKenna appeared. This former Eighth Army chaplain looks after the spiritual and material needs of the large Wapishana tribe, living among them in a rough wooden hut and speaking their language fluently. Behind him came the Tussaud, or Chief, of Sand Creek village and several other Indians. After a cup of coffee we all sat down and discussed plans. The Chief, whose name was Andrew, decided to join the expedition and I engaged him and one or two other sultry looking Indians on behalf of the Forestry

Department. I never had cause to regret engaging the Chief and though he was not very active, his ability to find and manage pack-oxen and other Indians made him an invaluable asset.

Next day we started collecting and by evening the piled-up presses were full, kerosene stoves burning gently underneath. Light corrugated sheets of aluminium enabled the heat to circulate between the driers, and by morning moth specimens, except heavy succulents, were dry and ready to pack. This temporary halting-place turned out to be very unsatisfactory. Thousands of cabauros tormented us by day and towards dusk the mosquitoes succeeded them. Four days of mild fever decided me to vacate this breathless and humid spot as quickly as possible.

The Chief swam a number of oxen over the Rupununi and somehow the awkward bags and crates were fastened on their backs. With four cutlasses working, a trail was hacked through the thick swamp bush and we gradually worked our way round the shoulder of Mount Bulakuk, eventually breaking through into a small savannah between two ranges of forest-covered mountains. Along this ever-narrowing valley we proceeded until at dusk, with the mountains on three sides of us, we halted and unloaded the tired oxen. A small fresh-water stream with deep pools for bathing made this an ideal spot for collecting in the foothills, and apart from a few cabauros and scorpions I spent a very pleasant three weeks there. Yellow cassias, purple andiras and numerous white mimosas covered the mountain sides, reminding one of the laburnums, lilacs and hawthorns of an English spring. Only the song birds were lacking. Here all the birds made harsh, irritating or monotonous noises. Macaws and parrots screeched overhead, the trumpet-birds produced a monotonous dull boom, a type of hawk spent all day emitting a noise like a toy balloon deflating, another barked raucously, another sounded like a pneumatic drill—but their brilliant colours compensated for their harsh calls.

I was stepping into my bathing pool after a hard day's collecting when I noticed on top of the little waterfall, under which I usually submerged, the head of a snake, about the size of a boy's fist. I did not notice how much was behind the head, as I was already hurrying along the little path that led from the pool to the camp, shouting for the Indians to bring gun and cutlass. The

Chief led the way back, followed by another Indian and myself. The Wapishanas very rarely laugh, but my anxiety seemed to amuse them. "He no bite," the Chief remarked, using what little English he knew, while the other Indian proceeded to throw sticks at the snake. A good twelve feet of it swam leisurely downstream. But whether it could bite or not, I always had the uncomfortable feeling that it was lurking somewhere in the dark waters of my bathing pool.

This water camoudi, as it is called, can grow to an immense size. There is a skin on the wall of the living-room of the ranch at Dadanawa, a few miles from Wichabai, measuring 22 feet, and this is not considered particularly large. Once it encircles its prey its contracting muscles are extremely powerful, and most people familiar with the snake consider that it could easily break the back of a full-grown ox. I recently met two Indians who had witnessed a fight between a large alligator and a water camoudi—the tough-skinned alligator was crushed to death. But they are sluggish reptiles, and it is still a mystery exactly how they encircle their prey. Though I have heard many fascinating tales from Indians and bushmen, they seem to smack of the titanic struggles in *Moby Dick*.

Meanwhile Mr. B. Fanshawe, Assistant Conservator of Forests, had arrived, bringing with him fresh supplies and two competent Arawak axemen. His first-hand knowledge of the Guiana forests was as welcome as his pleasant company, because for the past four weeks I had been living entirely alone with the Indians. Only when we had already found a trail into the mountains did we send a radio message to him at Georgetown, for it had been agreed that the forestry men should not come up until I had established a base camp and found a way into the mountains.

Dismantling began at dawn. The large tarpaulin with surplus supplies and botanical equipment was left to form a base camp. I never had any anxiety about leaving a base camp unguarded for weeks at a time. The Indians often have occasion to leave their huts for long periods, and though wandering Indians might spend the night there and use cooking utensils or farm produce, they would not take anything from another Indian's hut.

We were soon on the move towards the shoulder of Mount Wabau-ak, a conspicuous dome-shaped mountain, about 3,000 feet high, just visible on the horizon. After an hour or so the

mountains closed in and the breeze was shut out. For several miles we wound or cut our way through a deep humid valley, cluttered up with swamp bush, huge palms, rotting trees and a tangle of ropes and climbers. The only tree that seemed to flourish here was the chicle-gum. The milk of this tree, sometimes called bastard balata, forms the basis of chewing-gum, but we saw no evidence of tapping, though there is a very good market for the gum. The hard bark of this tree enables it to survive the struggle against orchids, mosses, fungi and other epiphytes that cover and eventually strangle less hardy trees.

The cabauros gave way to a large type of bush fly, with a quarter-inch piercing proboscis. These flies never ceased to make me jump when their needle-like apparatus struck home. As they have been equipped to deal with the tough leathery hides of bush pig and other animals, they penetrated through thick drill trousers and khaki shirts with the greatest of ease. We used to stop when their numbers became unbearable, smack ourselves and each other and then beat them off the oxen, who were defenceless against their vicious attacks and were beginning to bleed about the lap and under-belly.

The heat became really fierce and I was glad when we stopped at a large cool stream to bathe, rest the oxen and eat a little farine and cassava bread. I had purchased a large ox at Dadanawa which had been cut into strips and dried to the consistency of leather. This tasso, as it is called, filled two large sacks and lasted us a considerable time, though we used it only when on the move or when game was scarce. The Indians stuck lumps of this hard leathery meat on sticks, heated the pieces like toast over a fire, and proceeded to devour them. My teeth refused to make any impression on it, but later I found that if boiled all day and torn up into fine shreds with a knife and fork and finally fried, the meat became moderately palatable.

After our rest there was a change in the nature of the terrain: rocks began to appear, and we started to climb. The character of the forest changed abruptly: we went up through a large stretch of purple-heart trees, mixed with laurels and myrtles. After another 400 feet the purple-hearts, myrtles and laurels gave way to giant lecythidaceous trees (members of the brazil-nut group), straight-shafted lecanias, huge buttressed ceibas, balatas with the knife-marks of the bleeders down their trunks, and

numerous other trees which, from a cursory glance or from a slash with the matchet, I could not place. The dominant trees constituted three types of forest growing at different altitudes, which I carefully noted on my altimeter.

Halts were now frequent, on account of fallen timber; and this enabled me to look around, and gave the panting oxen welcome rests. We were now in primary jungle. The shafts of the huge trees ascended 70 or 80 feet before branching, and supported the huge canopy of the forest. In between them struggled the smaller trees, while great ropes and creepers wound round the trees or were slung in mid-air to knit together the canopy on top. Beneath was mostly a mouldering mass of decayed wood and leaves. Here and there, where a giant had crashed, sunlight penetrated to a few shrubs and grasses struggling to keep alive. It was fortunate that I was prepared for this. I remember that on the way up to Wabau-ak I saw only one flower: the large pink trumpet-shaped blossoms, rather like English foxglove blooms, of some bignoniaceous creeper; these blossoms had fallen through the canopy and were strewn about the forest floor.

About four o'clock a sort of horizon appeared between the trees and suddenly we walked, hot and wet, into the dazzling sunlight. The forest was replaced by huge banana trees, papayas, cassava, peppers, coffee and all the strange plants that grow in an Indian field. This was more than an Indian farm: it had been cleared by Mr. John Melville to supply vegetables to the balata bleeders' camps. Perched high on the shoulder of Mount Wabau-ak, it formed an ideal centre from which to radiate further into the forest; I cannot be sufficiently grateful to Mr. Melville for allowing me to use it. Apart from the fresh air and sunlight, it afforded me an ample supply of papaws and bananas, which I badly needed, as boils and trouble with my feet were causing me some anxiety, and I was beginning to wonder how long I should be able to stand the difficult conditions. One foot was badly swollen, and several sores refused to heal up.

The thatched roof and orange-coloured mud walls of a large Indian house soon appeared—this building was a sort of hotel for wandering balata-bleeders. Bernardine, a magnificent Makushi Indian, who was landlord of the inn, came forward with a large basin of what looked like grey mud. It was my first drink of

casiri. I suppose it is one of the drinks I shall never forget. Though I had heard tales that it was manufactured by the village chewing the cassava root and expectorating it into a large urn or corial (the saliva evidently starts the fermentation), Father Keary had told me of its reviving qualities and warned me for the sake of courtesy not to refuse it. I was glad I followed his advice, both on account of its refreshing taste and for the obvious pleasure it gave the Indians to see me enjoying it.

Bernardine allotted me one end of the dark hut where I slung my hammock and lived in comparative comfort for about six weeks. Bernardine with his wife and delightful children occupied the other end of the hut, which was sometimes crowded when parties of Indians stayed overnight. I cannot speak too highly of Bernardine and his wife. He was my host for nearly two months, during which he lavished on me a courtesy and care that I cannot very well forget. He was the first to notice me limping and bandaging my feet at night. He picked up my foot by the ankle, uttered the one word "jiggers" and called for his wife.

The operation took two days. I offered my case of botanical dissecting tools to his wife—scalpels, pincers, mounted needles all in a row; but she shook her head and brought her own old rusty safety-pin. The jigger or chigoe burrows into the foot and lays its eggs there. These increase in size, forming a sac about the size of a garden pea. At first they cause a pleasant itching sensation, but later can become quite painful. Bernardine's wife extracted them almost painlessly, filling up the holes with burnt ash, though I offered her Sulfamol ointment. I should think about ten Indians gathered round my extended foot, and as each new jigger was discovered a cry of admiration went up. Dusk fell before the operation could be completed: it was continued on the next day, and as my foot was about three and a half feet away I took some twenty close-up photographs of Makushi faces. They were all too intent on my feet to bother about the camera. Eventually nine bags were extracted from one foot and seven from the other. I had been squashing and squeezing these bags of eggs, thinking they were some sort of septic wound; which is the last thing one should do. Unless the bag of eggs is extracted unbroken, suppuration is bound to set in; that is why Bernardine's wife refused my sharp instruments and kept to her old blunt safety-pin. After two days I could walk without the slightest

discomfort, and apart from a sort of ulcer my feet have given me no more trouble.

Two days later tarpaulins, kitchen and the other requisites of a camp had been set up, and I was able to say Mass. Several Indians attended this first Mass on Mount Wabau-ak. Imagine my surprise when I said "Dominus vobiscum," and Bernardine answered "Et cum spiritu tuo." Far into the Kanukus, further I suppose than any white man had penetrated, the teaching of our Fathers who had worked among the Indians was apparent.

Once the jiggers had been disposed of and the camp set up, we started collecting in earnest. In the jungle this is not so easy as it is along a river, such as the Rupununi, or in the savannahs. The flowers are anything from eighty to a hundred feet above the ground, and it was fortunate that I was armed with a powerful telescope. I can well remember my first tree, *Octandra Pisi*, a member of the laurel family. We came across the little white flowers, scattered on the forest floor, but the blossoms might have fallen from any one of fifteen trees. The canopy is then searched with the telescope. Very often, because the flowers cannot be seen from below, or because creepers and ropes are in the way, this proves useless. In that case, the trunks must be examined. Slashes with the matchet enable one, after examining the sap and smelling the freshly cut bark, to eliminate various trunks. In this instance I knew from the flower-structure that it was a laurel; and when the bark of one tree gave out the characteristic smell of a laurel thicket I told my axemen to cut it down. After half an hour the giant crashed, flowering shoots were cut off, a wood block taken, and we plunged further into the forest. Sometimes the trees do not crash, but huge ropes and creepers suspend the severed tree in mid-air, so that as many as three trees may have to be cut to secure one specimen.

After the tree had fallen experience taught me to have a good look around and up before climbing along the horizontal trunk to the crown. Often large pieces of dead wood came hurtling down from the disturbed canopy some time after the tree had fallen. Huge broken branches of surrounding trees might be hanging from ropes over one's head or when one was safely in the crown there would be a loud crack and a branch would come tumbling down on the fallen trunk. Usually once a large tree had been axed other specimens besides the tree itself would be

taken—for one had really brought down a minute portion of the forest roof.

During the evening new specimens were placed between driers and corrugated sheets; they were examined, sometimes microscopically, and the field notes amplified. Half an hour might be spent over a difficult or uncommon specimen. Gradually the fresh presses would be built up and tilly lamps lit, until a quiet voice would announce: "Supper is ready, Father." Rufus was a sort of Arawak Jeeves. He laid the table and served the meal with meticulous care. There was plenty of game up here and we rarely had to fall back on the tasso. After supper, back to the presses. The process of plant pressing completely mystified the Indians. They would gather round the long table and utter cries of satisfaction when they saw a specimen they knew. Then the fun of extracting the Makushi or Wapishana name began. They ran their syllables together—usually six or seven attempts were made before they nodded with approval. Their knowledge of trees was surprisingly great, and altogether we extracted one hundred and eighty vernacular names for them.

About 8.30 p.m. the furore cominenced. It started with a long, hollow bellow, ending in a truly blood-curdling growl. It was always preceded by this solitary signal. As the last note died away, a pause of about a minute ensued. Then the choir crashed in. I was filled with admiration for this magnificent noise; I had heard about the red howling baboon and his defensive cry, but it exceeded my expectations. The leader gives the warning of the approach of any cat or harmful creature—then they all seem to take a deep breath, and come in on the stroke of the baton with one deafening bellow. This happens about every three-quarters of an hour. I frequently tried to get the Indians to shoot a baboon down, but they seemed to have some objection. Eventually I went out with Andrew, the Chief, determined to get one. Three or four were feeding on a high locust tree. I let off both barrels of my gun, but missed. The Chief seemed so disgusted at this that he took the gun from me, leaving me sitting under the tree. After about ten minutes, there was the sound of a shot and he soon emerged with a baboon slung round his shoulders. When we reached camp he dumped it on the ground. A few Indians gathered round. Bernardine shook his head and pointed in the direction of the locust tree. "He old man, plenty

sons," he said rather regretfully. I had always wanted to try roast baboon, but there did not seem much chance of eating him now. However, as I wanted the skin and the head, the Arawaks skinned it for me. It had the most extraordinary hollow bony sound-box under the lower jaw. It was the size of my clenched fist and when tapped gave out the clear hollow sound of a drum. Whether it was through my admiration of the animal's vocal powers and anatomy, or through the extraordinary sandy colour of my beard, I do not know, but, after careful inquiries, I found that I had been nicknamed Father Baboon.

(To be concluded.)

ASTRONOMY AND THE EVOLVING UNIVERSE

By

P. J. TREANOR

THE PREDOMINATING POSITION of the 74-inch telescope in the Festival buildings on the South Bank assures us that astronomy is still unique among the sciences in its fascination for the English public. Popular expositions of other fields of knowledge satisfy the thirst of the amateur; those that treat of the stars serve also the mass of the population. One cannot pass judgment on any attempt to appease this interest, without first asking why it exists at all, and if in fact it is worth appeasing. In its vistas of large distances, and of worlds remote from common experience, astronomy has its own particular flavour, and appeals, especially in these days, to a forgivable escapist trend in our psychology. This is, however, far from being the whole story. Interest in astronomy is not entirely a spontaneous growth, but is something that has been cultivated by astronomers themselves.

For many years England was the astronomical focus of the world, and there has been no lack of able expositors, themselves astronomers of high authority, who have managed to convey to the public not only astronomical knowledge, but something of their own valuation of the subject, and an insight into the fundamental importance of the work they describe.

In the persons of Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington we were particularly fortunate to find ambassadors between astronomy and the public, who were not only masters of their subject and of popular exposition, but also thinkers in the wider sense of the word. They were acutely conscious that the orderly world of physical science is a kind of skylon, balanced precariously, no one quite knows how, on a problematical philosophical foundation. Astronomy drove them to ask ultimate questions, and they taught the public to expect of their successors not merely astronomical information, but a whole philosophy of science, and for that matter, of life.

A hundred years ago it was still possible for an educated man to possess an easy familiarity with many branches of knowledge, and to be himself a modest authority in more than one. The increasing specialization in science made it necessary for him to rely to a greater extent on authoritative popular accounts. The time seems to be approaching when it is becoming more and more difficult to provide even this liaison. Scientists are becoming not only specialists, but sub-specialists, who themselves have a limited first-hand knowledge of the whole of their subject. This fact is sufficiently obvious in the case of an astronomer who has specialized in one field of experimental investigation within astronomy. It is not so obvious that the "mathematical" or "cosmological" astronomer is also a sub-specialist, but the fact must be clearly recognized. He is a specialist, not in matter, but in method. The generality and formality of mathematical method make it inevitable that from the outset of his work he will prefer to deal, after his fashion, with the largest problems. He will daringly envisage model universes, based on spectacular assumptions suggested, but not yet established, by observation, and will logically deduce conclusions of the most arresting character from this construct. His procedure, considered as an adaptation of the universe to the formalities of pure mathematics, is unobjectionable. But there is a danger that what may be a convenient mathematical

substitute for the universe may be prematurely regarded as real in popular presentations. In particular, to base a philosophy on such a framework is to use the method for the results.

The lull in the production of works of popularization of astronomy, caused by the war, has now been broken by the publication of several books. Dormant interest was vigorously reawakened by a series of radio talks by Mr. Hoyle, since published in book form. Here, with unusual lucidity and conviction, mathematical theories were presented as a true picture of reality, in just such a fashion as we have alluded to. In Mr. Hoyle's view, the two basic concepts on which the universe is moulded are the process of accretion of new matter by stars, and the local equilibrium of the density of matter in the universe, which is obtained by balancing a tendency towards rarification through expansion with a corresponding postulated continuous creation of matter. The vigorous and at times acrimonious discussion which followed the radio talks, and in which both the astronomical and philosophical issues were contested, generated perhaps more heat than light. They did, however, bring out the difficulties, both scientific and philosophical, which those must face who take it upon themselves to stand as liaison between science, philosophy and the general public.

The observational approach to astronomy is free from some of the pitfalls of the more striking theoretical method. Its object is, indeed, the understanding of the universe as a whole, but its hypotheses are small-scale ones, subject to more or less immediate and exact quantitative observational test. It reaches its goal through a series of limited objectives, which taken by themselves may be of little interest to non-specialists, and its pace is determined by the progress of observational techniques. It is appropriate, therefore, that while the question of the evolution of the universe is arousing widespread discussion, we should have available an account of the observational side of the picture. This need has been admirably met by one of the world's leading astronomers, Professor Otto Struve, in his recent book *Stellar Evolution*. This new account of stellar evolution is intended for a somewhat narrower public than Mr. Hoyle's, and it is doubtful whether many who are not already partially familiar with the subject will be able to face the book in its entirety. It is, however, a completely authoritative presentation of the underlying evidence

of observational astronomy by which any evolutionary theory must ultimately stand or fall. Only quite a small part of the work is strictly concerned with evolutionary theory as such, but the lazy reader must be forewarned that he will have to read much of the book if he is to locate and appreciate this material.

It is characteristic of the observational approach to begin by a careful classification and systematization of all the observational data. This leads to the disclosure of regularities by means of which the universe is made, so to speak, to tell its own story. *Stellar Evolution* shows us how far this method has succeeded in respect of one of the more limited objectives of observational astronomy, the disclosure of the past and future history of the stars in our galaxy.

The astronomer has, like the student of terrestrial evolution, to attempt to interpret from contemporary evidence the story of the last three thousand million years. Unlike the biologist or geologist, however, he has no fossil remains of past ages, which constitute a natural temporal sequence. He must do his best to draw what conclusion he can from an examination of a relatively small sample of present-day stars whose physical properties happen to be accessible to him.

In the case of the nearer stars, the main properties which can be accurately measured, and which therefore serve as the basis for classification, are the mass, surface temperature, luminosity, speed of rotation, and size. The methods of determining these properties, and in particular their relation to the analysis of the light from the stars by spectroscopy, are fully described by Struve. What interests us here is the fact that the study of these properties in a large number of stars, shows that they are all strongly inter-correlated. Roughly speaking, the stars fall into one of three classes: (i) exceedingly condensed, white-hot stars with diameters only a few times greater than that of the earth, known as "white dwarfs"; (ii) very diffuse, relatively cool stars, with diameters of the same order of magnitude as the *orbit* of the earth, known as "red giants", because their light contains more red radiation than most stars; (iii) stars with diameters of the same order of magnitude as that of the sun. It must be understood that these three groups do not merge into one another. Stars, like the three bears in the fable, tend to be very large, middle-sized, or very small. This is true only with regard to general orders of magnitude; there are considerable variations within the groups themselves.

Great progress has been made in recent years towards an understanding of the way that stars are distributed in these three groups. It is found that the white dwarfs, of which only a couple of hundred have been observed, are probably relatively common objects, comprising perhaps one star in ten. They are so faint that only those which happen to be quite near fall within our range of observation. The conspicuous red giants, on the other hand, are really very rare objects, and account for not more than one star in every hundred. Almost all the remaining stars, that is to say, about nine stars out of ten, belong to the third group. If we investigate this important group further, we find that the stars which compose it form a physical sequence, in which mass, luminosity, temperature, diameter and rotation are strongly intercorrelated. They form a sequence, known as the main sequence, at the top of which lie stars with large masses and luminosities, high temperatures, relatively large diameters and, generally, high rotations.

The task of the evolutionary astronomer is to explain the relation of this systematic grouping to the life history of individual stars, and in particular to account for the existence of the main sequence, and the important role which it plays in controlling the appearance of the vast majority of the stars.

The most obvious and earliest explanation of the main sequence, after the discovery by Einstein of the possibility of the conversion of mass into energy, was to suppose that stars were formed as hot massive bodies, and gradually radiated into space heat derived from the conversion of their mass into energy. In this way they would move from the top to the bottom of the main sequence, and end their lives as invisible black stars. In recent times there has been a tendency to return to an evolutionary theory which preserves something of the simplicity of this original idea. Two facts of recent observation support this type of evolution. The first is the discovery that the faint stars of the main sequence are progressively more numerous than the brighter ones. This suggests that the faint stars are a natural sink, into which all stars fall as they end their career. The second fact is that bright main sequence stars are present in recently formed galactic clusters, but absent in older ones. These very bright stars cannot have been radiating at their present intensity for more than ten million years. Their absence in the older clusters is easily explained by supposing that they have descended the main sequence, but it

would be hard to understand this absence if an evolution up the main sequence was constantly producing fresh bright stars.

The original theory that the fall in mass along the main sequence represents the effect of the conversion of mass into energy, cannot now be upheld. It is now known that the energy production in the stars is effected by the transformation of hydrogen into helium, which remains in the star, and is only slightly lighter than the original hydrogen. Hence, to account for the evolution of a star along the main sequence, we must think out some other mechanism which will allow it to shed most of its mass, and with it most of its energy of rotation as well.

An alternative way of reconciling belief in evolution along the main sequence with the change of mass, is to suppose, with Mr. Hoyle, that stars are accreting material by gravitational attraction, from surrounding space, and are gradually ascending, not descending, the main sequence. There is indeed no shortage of such material, since it has been estimated that gas and dust account for about half the mass of the universe. Struve gives this theory some consideration. The most striking argument which he alleges against it is one based directly on observation. It is found that bright main sequence stars are frequently found in close physical connection with clouds of interstellar material, out of which it is natural to suppose they have condensed. The argument is that if these stars had lived long enough to ascend the main sequence to their present condition, their random motions through space would long since have carried them away from the clouds of star-forming matter with which they are in fact so closely associated.

Struve, himself, supports the more conventional view that stars evolve down the main sequence by losing their mass. He considers in detail various processes by which stars could shed their substance. There is some evidence, for example, that a few stars emit expanding shells of gas, or on account of rapid rotation, shed matter from their equatorial regions. These processes, however, are shown by observation to be far too rare to play important parts in stellar evolution.

A rapidly rotating star may also split into two components, and a careful statistical examination of the stars reveals that about one star in two may be double. Struve has carried out an exhaustive study of the spectral radiations of close double stars, and by this very indirect method has been able to describe these stars in far

greater detail than telescopic observation permits. His essential conclusion is that close double stars are surrounded by a common atmosphere derived from their substance. This atmosphere is in an unstable condition and is perpetually dissipating the stellar material into space, and with it the originally high rotational energy of the system. Meantime, the components of the system are gradually driven together and ultimately unite.

Here, therefore, is a possible mechanism for explaining the loss of mass and rotational energy of a star which descends the main sequence. Struve is cautious in assessing the breadth of application of this new process, but the great frequency of double stars leads one to suspect that they do in fact play an important part in stellar evolution.

There is, however, yet another point of view, which if verified would completely change the present conception of stellar evolution. This is the standpoint of Ambartsumian and others, who hold that the main sequence is not an evolutionary sequence at all, but a purely physical consequence of the differences of mass which have always existed among the stars. It is well established that if all the stars were originally formed with their present masses, the bulk of them would lie on the main sequence; that is to say, the other properties would have to conform to the correlations found in the main sequence, if the stars were to remain stable. The fact that stars of smaller mass are much more frequent than the more massive ones in the main sequence, which was alleged earlier in support of the conventional view of main sequence evolution, may also be explained on the present view, in one of two ways. On the one hand, it is possible to invoke the statistical reasoning of Zwicky, who has shown that when a gas cloud condenses into smaller elements, the probability of formation of smaller condensations is greater than that of large ones. Alternatively, the frequency of small stars may simply be due to their having a much longer lifetime than the larger ones. Studies of star clusters still associated with gas-clouds support the view that all types of stars are present in them. Since the lifetime of stars as cool as the sun—and these constitute the majority—is long compared with the currently accepted age of the galaxy, there is no reason to suppose that they must have developed appreciably since their formation.

The evolution of brighter main sequence stars is left uncertain

on this theory. Recent work suggests that their fate may depend on their speed of rotation. If this is sufficiently high, the helium formed from the transformed hydrogen in their interior becomes mixed with the outer layers, and the star may then evolve into a red giant by a sudden transformation, and ultimately condense into a white dwarf. What happens to unmixed stars is less certain; as their constitution changes, they may depart more or less gradually from the main sequence, but cannot, on this theory, evolve along it.

We are, therefore, driven to the unsatisfactory conclusion that observation, which must be the ultimate arbiter of scientific theory, is as yet unable to decide between three mutually incompatible views of the relation of the main sequence to the evolutionary history of the stars. Recent work has indeed contributed materially to our understanding of the distribution of stars in different types, and of the physical processes by which stars are maintained. But it has only emphasized the methodological difficulties inherent in the attempt to study the history of the universe from its present condition. Indeed, the most recent work has shown that even the main divisions of the star classes may not be quite as universal a phenomenon as has been hitherto imagined. Near the centre of our own galaxy, and in the elliptical nebulae, star populations have been discovered which conform to quite a different system of division. These may well be more representative of the universe as a whole than is our own main sequence. One is once again driven to realize the parity with the case of an imaginary biologist, attempting to construct the whole of organic evolution from the evidence of a contemporary and very local fauna.

Recent work on the elliptical nebulae, however, has suggested at least the bare possibility that the lack of "stellar fossils" is not entirely irremediable. The remoter nebulae are in fact "fossil" systems, in the sense that the light that we now receive from them originated in their stars between ten and a thousand million years ago, according to their distance. Of course the study of individual stars in such systems is impossible, but something may eventually be learnt about their stellar populations by studying their integrated light. In fact, electrical methods have recently been applied to the study of the colours of faint nebulae, and a very remarkable effect has been observed. This is a reddening of the nebulae which increases with increasing distance, and is quite distinct from the well-known nebular red shift. This new effect could of course be

due to selective absorption of blue light by intervening intergalactic dust. It could equally well be due to an actual evolution of stars inside the galaxies, or to a combination of both effects. This illustration suggests a new possible method of research into stellar evolution; but it also shows how our present ignorance of the processes of stellar evolution is likely to hold up other studies of the composition of the universe.

It is only against the background of so many unanswered questions of the purely astronomical order that it is possible to understand the reserved attitude of an ever-growing number when questioned about the impact of astronomy on other branches of knowledge. What can astronomers tell us about the creation and age of the universe; about the place of life, and its evolution against the broad background of cosmology? Is scientific method itself subject to intrinsic limitations which leave it ultimately dependent on philosophy, or can it claim an absolute autonomy within its own field? These are questions which enquiring people feel that astronomers may be able to answer. They belong properly to that borderland of science, philosophy, and theology which has always attracted the ordinary man, who is often an amateur in all three branches.

It must be frankly admitted that at present the astronomer can contribute little *ex professo*. His science has suggested interesting questions outside its own field, but its main trend during the past ten years has been to open up new vistas of knowledge—or perhaps one should say, of ignorance—in the strictly scientific order. However, just because astronomy suggests these questions, it is to be expected that popularisers of astronomy will suggest answers. This temptation Professor Struve has manfully resisted! Such answers will inevitably be personal ones, in the sense that they will be based, not on astronomical conclusions, but on the writer's own philosophical background. Such non-astronomical factors also influence the direction of cosmological speculation, so that a certain superficial correspondence between the philosophy and the science may trap the inexperienced reader. The present writer would be the last to decry the value of pure philosophy, but this must stand or fall in a particular case on the validity of its own foundations, and can, for the present, get little constructive help from theories of astronomical evolution.

THE CHURCH REDUNDANT

THE problem of what to do with the disused and derelict churches has been exercising the minds of the Church of England authorities for a considerable time. The first questionnaire was in 1924, and after what must seem a long, not to say leisurely investigation, a preliminary report was adopted by the Church Assembly in 1949. Briefly this report¹ revealed that there were some four hundred buildings that had ceased to serve as churches. Three hundred of them were of historical or architectural interest, which means that they were pre-Reformation. The report proposes to demolish 175 of the least interesting or more fragmentary, and to offer 128 to the Ministry of Works, on condition that they are to be handed back should they ever be needed again as churches. This leaves 109 buildings too good to destroy but unlikely to be accepted by the Ministry. It is proposed to try to lease these for not more than fifty years.

Now comes the Eleventh Report of the Central Council for the Care of Churches.² It contains much sensible advice, and much honest criticism. It also records the praiseworthy efforts that are being made, in the face of soaring costs, to maintain and beautify the cathedrals and some of the parish churches. But on the subject of the disused churches this report has nothing to add to that of 1949.

No list of these redundant churches has yet appeared, but I have been favoured with particulars for the diocese of Peterborough, which is probably typical of those dioceses that are still largely rural. Obviously there are many causes contributing to the present parlous state of these churches. Some were built for the convenience of the wealthy families that have now had to abandon their ancestral homes. The shift of population has left some churches far from habitations. Decline in church membership, shortage of clergy, and the inadequacy of stipends have all played their part. There was much inevitable neglect of essential repairs during the war years when labour and materials were unobtainable. But all these causes will not account for the redundancy of most of the churches in this list. The looting of church treasures and the wanton destruction of ornaments in the first fervour of the Protestant ascendancy, and the later iconoclasm of Cromwell's soldiers are now universally admitted and universally deplored, but the long story of the neglect of the actual fabric has never received the attention it deserves.

Quite apart from the religious houses there were, in the eyes of the reformers, plenty of "redundant" parish churches. Northampton

¹ C.A. 940. 6d.

² *The Problem of England's Historic Churches* (Mowbray 6s.).

began the Reformation with twelve parishes and finished up with four. The parish churches of Irthlingborough All Saints and St. Mary's, Grimsby were destroyed to provide lead for Lord Burghley's great house at Stamford. The churches of Great Houghton and Rushton St. Peter's have entirely disappeared. Those which have survived owe nothing to the first few generations of Protestants. There is abundant evidence of widespread neglect. The bishops' Visitation books, and the surveys of 1631 and 1637, preserved at Peterborough, present a picture of utter desolation that it is difficult to convey by extracts.

The zeal that had smashed the stained-glass windows seldom extended to replacing them with plain glass. Only once is there any complaint of windows still intact. "We do present," say the churchwardens of Chelveston in 1581, "that in our glass windows the picture of Christ crucified and other images remain, because the parish are not able to make the windows new with other glass." But from a score of churches come complaints of broken windows, or windows stopped up with boards and dirt, or other "daubing"; daubing that was often to remain for a century or more.

At the same time the church roofs began to give trouble. It was a time when the *nouveaux riches* were busy building those magnificent houses which are now such an embarrassment to their descendants. There was a scramble for lead which the monasteries could not fully satisfy. It paid to strip the lead off the churches and replace it with slates. The recent extensive repairs to the roof of Bulwick church may owe something to a former rector, Matthew Odell. In 1571 it was objected that he was

a grievous blasphemer of God's holy name, and useth to swear both by God's blood, body, and God's wounds for every trifle both with his servants and others, and bringeth up his children in the same order. Also that he hath pulled down one piece of the chancel which was covered with lead, to the quantity of four yards broad and five yards deep, and the same hath sold away, and covered the place again with slate.

Before the middle of the seventeenth century the very fabric of the churches was showing the inevitable signs of long neglect. The broken windows and leaking roofs were exacting their penalty. At Great Harrowden "there wants a channel or conveyance on the south side of the church, for want of which the water many times doth flow therein, unto the great annoyance of the same. The outward door into the belfry all broken so much that there wants a new one. The whole church wants whiting and beautifying." At the remaining church at Irthlingborough (St. Peter's)

the roof and leads of the church and chancel are in such decay as it rains in divers places. There hath been a vestry which is decayed and ruinated, and the door leading out of the chancel into the same stopped up. The seats of the church are partly broken and some of them underset with stones. . . . The pavement is very uneven and shattered, especially towards the east end and within the presbytery. . . . There are certain monuments in the south aisle against the chancel most miserably defaced and abused, which ought to be repaired and decently kept. . . . The south aisle lying against the chancel is very ruinous and in danger to fall, and the north aisle is in great decay of the roof. . . . The churchyard is profaned with dung and rubbish and other noisome filth. . . . The church is undecently littered with broken mats and pieces of mats, and flags or grass, all which ought to be conveyed out.

At Little Addington "the chancel is altogether unpaved and there be divers holes in the floor deep enough to bury a little child in." In the chancel "there sits nothing but starlings, jackdaws, owls, or some such vermin, as appeareth by their beastly bewraying of the same, more like a pigeon-house than a chancel."

At Badby the steeple was "cracked and crazy"; at Grafton Underwood "a great fair window at the east end of the chancel is almost all dammed and stopped up." At Ringstead the vestry is "profaned and made a fowl-house." At Kettering "the clockhouse floor is rotten, broken, and dangerous, and the dial is half hidden from the sight of the people in the church, and it is not very decent nor beseeeming so fair a church."

The priory church of Catesby, where St. Edmund of Canterbury's sister, Margaret Rich, was once prioress, and where his pallium had been preserved so long, was already derelict in 1631. "The whole church, saving the steeple with bells, ruined and demolished, so as in it there is neither plate for divine service, nor any church ornaments or necessities." Nothing now remains but a few yards of wall.

There is studied understatement in this complaint from Clipston: "A chest with three locks wanting by reason the chancel fell down and broke it."

Successive reports from Rothwell enable us to watch, as it were, the gradual disintegration of this spacious church. In 1570 "the glass windows are broken, the rood-loft standing, and the churchyard walls in decay, and the church like a dovecote." In 1573 "the chancel is in utter ruin and decay." In 1631 the font was "not sufficient, the water for christening of children running out so that they set the water in a bowl." In 1637 "the eastward window of the chancel is daubed up at the bottom some five or six feet in height, very unseemly, and it is

thought fit to be taken down some three foot lower or more, and leaded." In 1657 the spire and part of the tower fell down, taking six bays with it, and in 1673 the transepts were demolished, being presumably beyond repair.

The church linen was in keeping with the fabric. The altar cloth at Finedon was of coarse old linen "fitter to make poor women's aprons than to be used for an ornament in God's house." At Irthlingborough it was "very undecent and utterly insufficient, patched together in divers places as if it had been made of some drinking clothes." The surplice is a constant source of complaint. At Raunds it was "insufficient, old and torn, and of too coarse cloth for so fair a church, and unfit for a man of Mr. Holmes the Minister's degree, being a bachelor of divinity." At Pattishall "there is but one surplice for both the vicars, and therefore he that officiates does sometimes omit to wear it when it is awashing."

At least we might expect some greater care to be taken of their sheet-anchors, the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. Yet at Irthlingborough the latter was "insufficient, old, soiled, the leaves loose, more fit for a clerk than the priest." At Cranford St. John's the Bible was "not of the last edition, but an old one which hath divers leaves loose, and it is unfit for use." Of course there was another one nearby at Cranford St. Andrew's, but this was "an old one pieced and patched in divers places, and the text supplied by writing instead of printing, and in some places there be five or six whole chapters together utterly wanting." The somewhat similar *lacuna* at Kettering, however, sounds like the work of some obstinate papist. "The Act for the Solemnization of the 5th of November is torn out of the book wherein it was and ought to be."

It may be argued that these very complaints are proof of an awareness that all was not well. But nothing seems to have been done, and the eighteenth century records the fall of many a spire, the loss of many a chancel, the total ruin even of whole churches that might have been saved a century earlier. It was not until the last century that the Church of England awoke to its responsibilities, and then the restorations were needlessly drastic, and usually in the worst possible taste. Since then large sums have been spent on the nine proverbial stitches in an effort to keep most of the churches in minimum repair. But with such a heritage of culpable negligence the surprise is that there are not more churches in the following schedule.

The disused churches are graded under seven headings. First come the ruins that are beyond all hope of repair. There are two in the diocese of Peterborough, Boughton and Lilford.

Boughton was already as good as doomed in 1637. The chancel was in decay and the church lacked two bays at the west end. There were

two holes "quite through the walls about the communion table" so that the conies from Sir Christopher Hatton's coney ground were running in and out of the church. The north aisle was much ruined and "a great heap of stones there lying." After this it is rather captious to complain that the seat of my lord Vaux (who, as a staunch Catholic, never attended) was four inches too high. Bridges describes the church (in 1720) as "in ruins, without a roof, the walls in several parts levelled with the ground." The tower with its spire, however, was still standing, but crashed about 1785. The ivy-clad walls, amid weeds waist high, now moulder away on the bleak and lonely hillside.

The thirteenth-century church of Lilford was deliberately pulled down, with episcopal sanction, by the first Lord Lilford in 1778, together with all his tenants' houses there. In those days wealthy and high-handed squires were seeking greater seclusion, and minor nuisances like ancient churches were not allowed to stand in their way. The three forlorn arches that were left were doubtless considered picturesque.

Class II consists of churches that are derelict and dismantled, and is represented in the diocese only by Claycoton. This is a dull little church, and except for the chancel, was entirely rebuilt in 1866.

Class III are churches that are never or rarely used. By "rarely" the committee mean less than once a month. There are four such. Furtho and Faxton are far removed from habitations, and are neither of any great interest. Apethorpe church, on the other hand, is in the centre of a trim village. Apethorpe Hall, the home of the Mildmays, and one of the loveliest houses in the county, is now a remand home. The church is late fifteenth century, but the tower and the Mildmay chapel are post-Reformation. The elaborate monument to Sir Anthony Mildmay and his wife must have cost much more than the church, and is a form of wealth not easily disposable.

The fourth church in this category is Aldwinkle All Saints. This is a fine church and seems in good repair. It is not used at all, because there is another fine church of St. Peter, with an exquisite broach spire, and this is quite adequate for the needs of the villagers. All Saints has literary associations. Dryden's maternal grandfather was rector here for forty years, and it was in the rectory still standing that Glorious John was born.

Class IV are designated "Redundant. Prospect of future maintenance is definitely unsatisfactory." There are five, including Normanton in Rutland. St. Catherine's, Northampton, a post-Reformation church of no interest, has already been handed over to the Borough Council for demolition, and is to become an ornamental garden; the others are Fawsley, Passenham and Canons Ashby. Fawsley Hall, the historic home of the Knightleys, is now empty, and the church is really little more than a mausoleum of the family which

resided here for five hundred years. Passenham, on the other hand, is of considerable interest: it is rendered redundant by the trend of population towards Stony Stratford.

Finally there is Canons Ashby. Apart from Peterborough itself this is the only monastic church in the county still standing. The Austin Canons were established here in the middle of the twelfth century, and at the dissolution the nave and tower of their church were retained as a parish church. It is a very pleasing example of thirteenth-century Gothic, but how much more imposing it must have been when complete with its chancel, which was 162 feet in length. It is sad to think that even the nave is now redundant.

The other classes need not detain us. They are churches where only the tower or chancel remains (represented by Barnwell All Saints), and churches that have been moved or put to other permanent use. The last category is represented by the bedehouse of Archbishop Chichele at Higham Ferrers, now set aside for "special services."

At the moment the authorities are preoccupied with the problems of maintenance of churches that are still in use. This Eleventh Report estimates that essential repairs would cost one-and-a-half million pounds. This may not seem much to the Catholic minority which is faced with a bill of fifty millions for schools alone, but it is more than the Church of England feels competent to raise. A further Report,¹ issued this June, puts the cost at several millions and states that "the situation grows worse with every month that passes." It contemplates asking for a government grant, which means putting them on the rates. In these circumstances it is hardly to be expected that anything constructive will be done about the redundant and unwanted churches. The Bishop of Norwich, chairman of the committee, was "personally in favour of taking off the roofs, and leaving the rest of the building as a ruin, but the committee thought it better to demolish entirely than create artificial ruins,"² In March of this year the church of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton was solemnly "deconsecrated" by the Bishop of Lichfield, and sold to the Y.M.C.A. for a canteen. This lends an air of respectability to the proceedings, but "deconsecration" is an unfortunate word: to quote from the *Oxford Dictionary*, it is "intended to convey to the public the fact, without the unpleasant associations, of what has hitherto been known under the title of desecration."

Conscious that it was their forebears who built, consecrated, and endowed these once lovely churches, Catholics can view only with sadness and bitterness of heart the culmination of four centuries of desecration and neglect.

GODFREY ANSTRUTHER, O.P.

¹ *The Repair of Churches*. 2d.

² *The Times*, 16 November, 1949.

REVIEWS

THE POINT OF DEPARTURE

The End of the Affair, by Graham Greene (Heinemann 10s 6d).

NO one but Mr. Graham Greene could have written his latest novel *The End of the Affair*; his unique personality is apparent on every page. All the qualities which we think of as being particularly his own are here in abundance; his dark and tender acceptance of the inevitability of suffering; his conviction, which lies at the root of all morality, that the consequences of every human act for good or ill are an endless progression, and that human beings, especially men and women in their sexual relationship, are ceaselessly working on one another, reforming or corrupting; the deliberately contrived squalor of all the scenery and stage effects—in this book “onions” are made, perhaps in conscious allusion, to perform precisely the same function in the lovers’ talk as “cattleyas” did for Swann and Odette; the rich idiosyncrasy of phrase—“misery’s graduate,” “fellow strangers,” “I remember. That is what hope feels like.” All these qualities are here. Nevertheless, the book differs sharply from its predecessors in method and material.

Hitherto Mr. Greene’s characteristic achievement has been to take the contemporary form of melodrama and to transfuse it with spiritual life. His books have been tense, fast stories with the minimum of comment and the maximum of incident, his characters unreflective, unaesthetic, unintelligent, his villains have been vile and his heroines subhuman; all have inhabited a violent social no-man’s-land. Every book has ended with death and a sense of finality. Whatever speculations were aroused, the reader felt that as far as the author was concerned the job was done. He had been told all that was needed.

In *The End of the Affair*, Mr. Greene has chosen another contemporary form, domestic, romantic drama of the type of *Brief Encounter*, and has transformed that in his own inimitable way. The characters are industrious professional people of respectable appearance and settled habits. The pursuing detective, previously a figure of terror, is here a clown. But the great change in this new adventure is the method of telling. For the first time there is a narrator; everything is seen through his eyes and with his limitations. Instead of an omniscient and impersonal recorder we have the chief character giving his distorted version; a narrator who is himself in course of evolution, whose real story is only beginning at the conclusion of the book, who is himself unaware of the fate we can dimly foresee for him. *The End of the Affair* is an ironic title; the affair has not yet reached its climax when the record ceases.

It is the tale of a suburban adultery. A competent, fairly successful novelist wishes to write about a civil servant. In order to learn the authentic details of his life he seeks the acquaintance of a neighbour's wife, falls deeply in love with her and she with him. Their affair prospers, although he is tortured by jealousy and the sense that their happiness is necessarily impermanent, until after a bomb narrowly misses killing him, the mistress suddenly and inexplicably breaks relations with him. Two or three years go by of complete separation. Then the husband, who has never suspected his wife at the time of her infidelity, consults the former lover; he thinks she is now deceiving him. The lover is more jealous than the husband. It is he who engages a detective to investigate the third man. This Third Man turns out to be God. Throughout the love affair the quality in the heroine that has been stressed is her abandonment. She learns the true object of abandonment and dies in the knowledge. After her death she, now in Heaven, begins, in a way that is slightly reminiscent of Maurice Baring's characters, to work on those with whom she was involved on earth. We leave the narrator-lover still tormented by uncomprehending hate but with the certainty in our own minds that her love will reach and heal him.

That, very baldly, is the story, a singularly beautiful and moving one. This *précis* gives no indication of the variety and precision of the craftsmanship. The relationship of lover to husband with its crazy mutations of pity, hate, comradeship, jealousy and contempt is superbly described. For the first time in Mr. Greene's work there is humour. The heroine is consistently lovable. Again and again Mr. Greene has entered fully into a scene of high emotion which any one else would have shirked. Instead of pistol-shots there are tears.

The story deals extensively with sexual relations and here any writer, however skilful, is gravely handicapped by the lack of suitable words. Our language took form during the centuries when the subject was not plainly handled with the result that we have no vocabulary for the sexual acts which is not quaintly antiquated, scientific, or grossly colloquial. To say that lovers "sleep together" is an absurdity in describing the hasty incidents of passion which occur in this book. Mr. Greene often uses the term "make love" to describe sexual intercourse. Normally that is an inoffensive euphemism, but here, where love is as often used in its high spiritual sense, there is an ironical twist in the phrase which frustrates the writer's aim. It is an artistic trap from which, once it closes, there is no escape. One must simply walk circumspectly round it.

The heroine, after her death, begins to work miracles. We are not left, as we often are by Maurice Baring, with a sense of brooding gracious sweetness; there is active beneficent supernatural interference.

This is a brave invention of Mr. Greene's. His voice is listened to in many dark places and this defiant assertion of the supernatural is entirely admirable. His earlier books have tended to show Catholics to themselves and set them puzzling. *The End of the Affair* is addressed to the Gentiles. It shows them the Church as something in their midst, mysterious and triumphant and working for their good. One might even say that in places it is too emphatically sectarian. It transpires, for instance, after the heroine's death that she was baptized by a Catholic priest. There is some speculation as to whether "it took"; whether it was an infection caught in infancy, and so on. But Mr. Greene knows very well that she would have been as surely baptized by the local vicar. It would be a pity if he gave an impression of the Catholic Church as a secret society, as Mr. T. S. Eliot did of his Church in *The Cocktail Party*. Clearly that is not Mr. Greene's intention nor can it be justly read into his words, but in the dark places where his apostolate lies I can imagine some passages carrying a whiff of occultism.

One further criticism, a matter of plausibility. The heroine is robbed of an intimate journal. Would this not have been noticed at once with consternation? Mr. Greene is usually so scrupulous in detail that it is surprising to find this overlooked. But this is a trifle.

To conclude, Mr. Greene is to be congratulated on a fresh achievement. He shows that in middle life his mind is suppler and his interests wider than in youth; that he is a writer of real stamina. He has triumphantly passed the dangerous climacteric where so many talents fail. We need have no anxiety about his development, only cheerful curiosity.

EVELYN WAUGH

A DONNE DISCUSSION

The Monarch of Wit, by J. B. Leishman (Hutchinson 16s).

"IF I am now attempting to generalize myself," writes the author, "it is with an almost overwhelming conviction of the vanity of dogmatizing." No one who has followed the uncoiling of Mr. Leishman's sentences through a network of distinctions, parentheses, and deprecations, is likely to accuse him of dogmatizing. But a devout aversion from the Principle of Identity leads him into some near-collisions with the Principle of Contradiction. In Chapter I, a firm negative stand is taken:

I shall hope to demonstrate . . . that Donne is certainly not a metaphysical poet in the wider sense of being a philosophic one.

But in Chapter IV, where Mr. Leishman is at his best, he writes:

Donne did not reach this conception merely through immediate experience, but as the result of a process of abstraction, as the result of a careful analysis of the elements in immediate experience. Donne, in fact, has differentiated, distinguished and interpenetrated with thought, a whole area of experience which had hitherto remained undifferentiated and unexplored.

Could any philosopher ask for a better testimonial? Substitute "Duns Scotus" for "Donne," and these admirable words will still stand. That Donne had the inclination to be a philosophic poet seems clear from the *Metempsychosis* of 1601. When Mr. Leishman says, on p. 14, that Donne never ambitioned a large-scale narrative poem, he overlooks the first canto of this one, 520 lines, broken off by marriage and imprisonment. Donne was advancing with bravado on the weightiest problem of all—the metaphysics of Original Integrity and Original Sin:

That Cross, our joy and grief, whose nails did tie . . .
 Stood in the self-same room in Calvary
 Where first grew the forbidden learned tree.

The same preoccupation (it is more than a conceit) recurs thirty years later, in the *Hymn to God My God in my sickness* (also unmentioned in this book):

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
 Christ's Cross, and Adam's tree, stood in one place.

Donne was philosophizing as early as 1593, in *Satire III*. On this wonderful poem, which one would have thought to be an absolute nerve-centre for the understanding of Donne, Mr. Leishman's comments are restricted. He does find time to say that the lines: "though truth and falsehood be near twins, yet truth a little elder is," refer to the primitive Church. But surely the reference is to Original Integrity, which, in the order of creation and of consciousness, precedes Original Sin? There is no space to demonstrate. But the theme of *Paradise Lost* was in the air; and one cannot help feeling that Donne could have been as fine a philosophic poet as Milton was a coarse one, had he not got bunkered in the world and the flesh—"lapsed in time and passion." (Mr. Leishman's likening of him to Hamlet is suggestive but not enlightening.) Donne certainly had his share of "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come," but he squandered it, as Ben Jonson pointed out, in mock-religious obsequies.

From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled;
 And, like a spy to both sides false, he perished.

The *Songs and Sonets* form the main and most interesting part—about a third—of Mr. Leishman's book. Here again, one is tempted to note an apparent confusion, resulting inevitably from an extreme subtlety of treatment. In Chapter III there is a surprisingly bluff dismissal of *The Autumnal* (addressed to Mrs. Herbert) as a literary exercise devoid of "sensibility," that is, of true feeling. He is tilting, here, against Mr. Eliot and the school of "unified sensibility." He does not reflect, here, that Donne is trying to catch, in the transition from full-bodied Affection to fine Reverence, the incipience of a spiritual body. Many readers, I should think, have found most deeply charged that part about "Love's graves" ending with the lines:

Here, where still Evening is; not noon, nor night;
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

But the point is that when he comes in Chapter IV to poems like *The Sunne Rising* (addressed to Ann More?), and to the complaints of Mr. C. S. Lewis and others that these poems lack true feeling, he is very severe on such dullness and says that we must not look for a "sincere" (in the crude sense) declaration of love, but for the accurate description of a loving relationship. In other words, he censures Mr. Lewis for the same sort of attitude which he himself has earlier adopted.

Certainly the total collection of *Songs and Sonets* presents almost as many problems as Shakespeare's 154; and Mr. Leishman has done a masterly job in grading them between the poles of literary exercise and impassioned experience. The general conclusion is to swing all those addressed (presumably) to Ann More to the pole of experience, and all others to the pole of exercise. One may feel that the fine point of perception, to which he constantly appeals, is swayed by a predisposition in favour of Donne's virtue. Mr. Leishman would reply that it is an hypothesis to be used only as far as it helps understanding. All the same, there does seem to be an arbitrary use of the criterion of "sensibility."

This—and the point about Donne's philosophy—are the main queries raised by *The Monarch of Wit*. It would be the grossest travesty if an impression were given that this is in any way a muddled book. The muddle arises in the mind of the reader because of the extraordinary intricacy with which considerations are unravelled, and the transparent honesty with which they are weighed. It is a most stimulating book, and absolutely indispensable, one would say, for those of us who are tempted to rely on literary pigeon-holes instead of—as Mr. Leishman puts it—on "the insupportable fatigue of thought."

CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN

PROPHET AND PAINTER

A Master of Our Time: A Study of Wyndham Lewis, by Geoffrey Grigson (Methuen 2s 6d).

EVER since Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis backed the wrong horse in 1931 with his book on Hitler, he has paid the price of neglect and deprecation. Nothing—neither his own succeeding work, nor Mr. Gordon Porteus's excellent study of him—was able to redeem his unfortunate choice; for besides offending the "up-and-comings" of the pink decade politically speaking, he had slighted certain powerful Bloomsbury canons by attacking the Bergsonian concept of life which—with its artistic corollaries of the Joycean inner monologue and the mental impressionism of Virginia Woolf and Lawrence—was a fashionable influence amongst the intellectuals. Now, with Communism socially discredited and the need for principles of permanence apparent, Mr. Lewis will possibly come into his own; and just such an overture to this restitution is Mr. Grigson's pamphlet *A Master of Our Time*.

Sharing with his subject a preference for T. E. Hulme's adamant form as opposed to an art of amorphous flux, Mr. Grigson bases his case for Mr. Lewis on the latter's architectonic achievement. Applying the test employed by the master in his critical diatribe *Men Without Art*, Mr. Grigson invites us to take any page from Mr. Lewis's exuberant production and see if we do not discover in it constant examples of "word-welding," monumental rhetoric, and verbal spring-and-snap. From this trial-by-texture, so prohibitive to many modern writers with a "newspaper" name, Mr. Lewis emerges fresh and spruce; and it is only when we begin to examine other aspects of his creative and critical output that his shortcomings are brought into focus.

"I have defined art as the science of the *outside* of things," wrote Mr. Lewis in *The Art of Being Ruled*, a condition which his own work has consistently observed. Thus, in painting, he has given us canvases furnished with durable superficies—a whole galaxy of vital exteriors. In his novel-writing this prime interest has made him a master of physical burlesque, of a marvellously humorous puppet-show in print. Mr. Lewis, in his high-spirited misanthropic fashion, has come to see his characters as participating in a democracy of the absurd: subjects, all, of a ridiculous republic. From the point of formal perfection all men are, of course, absurd; but such a mode of judgment can only be valid for the aesthetic perfectionist—as satire, it is largely without moral content. Similarly, Mr. Lewis's attempt to guarantee freedom for the practising artist has led him into social theorizing alien to the fate of the majority of men.

But if Mr. Lewis must remain an impure prophet, and a minor

though brilliant novelist, as a craftsman in two media he is superb; and Mr. Grigson deserves our thanks for making clear in his own well-written study the nature of this contribution.

DEREK STANFORD

A PHILOSOPHICAL PLAYWRIGHT

Christopher Fry, An Appreciation, by Derek Stanford (Peter Nevill 12s 6d).

MR. STANFORD sub-titles his book "An Appreciation"—and appreciative he certainly is. In the entire book only two paragraphs are devoted to adverse comment, and in these the charges he levels at Christopher Fry are those of prolixity and sentimentality, with neither of which I can agree. I do not wish to imply that I find the work of Christopher Fry faultless, but from my own reading of the plays I should say that the occasional *longueurs* are due more to over-charging than to prolixity, whilst of sentimentality I can find not a trace.

For all that, Mr. Stanford has made a very thorough examination of the poet's work, and his book is important in that he has fully grasped—as very few other critics have done—the seriousness of purpose, the intensely interesting philosophical attitude and the careful and skilled craftsmanship which lie beneath the apparently effortless glitter. It is bad luck on Mr. Stanford that *A Sleep of Prisoners* should have appeared after his book was completed for press, but it is to his credit that the lines of development which he has traced in Christopher Fry's earlier work have, in fact, all converged with a vengeance in this latest play.

I believe myself that at the time of the Reformation this country suffered a loss which, with the increased instability of our times, it is only just beginning to feel: men then exchanged a happy acceptance of a sense of mystery for the fruitless pursuit of a sense of conviction—but, as Kierkegaard noted, "It is the duty of the human understanding to understand that there are things which it cannot understand." In Christopher Fry's words this becomes: "Rest in the riddle, rest; why not?" Mr. Stanford has seen that it is this rich but neglected mine of wonder into which Mr. Fry is digging. It is only a pity that, with the perception he shows in this book, his presentation should be so very earnest—almost, in places, dull. There is hardly a smile, hardly a change of note in the monotonous voice; but, in spite of this, what he does say is sound, and it was high time somebody said it.

JOHN GUEST

GUIDES TO GOODNESS

For Goodness' Sake, by William Lawson, S.J. (Sheed and Ward 8s 6d).
The Prayer of Faith, by Leonard Boase, S.J. (Messenger Office: paper 3s 6d, cloth 6s).

The Venture of Prayer, by Hubert Northcott, C.R. (S.P.C.K. 14s 6d).

ONCE found a bank-burglar reading Rodriguez's *Christian and Religious Perfection* which in the wandering ways of books had drifted from Salamanca to the prison library. He sought improvement in Spanish (primarily) and a guide to better morals. "It's a funny book," he said. Of the books listed above—all guides to the spiritual life—only Fr. Lawson's could safely claim that description and tempt both bank-burglar and bank-clerk to spiritual reading. Laymen who feel themselves neither a Dismas nor a Hieronymus Jaegen need spiritual reading free from stodginess; Fr. Lawson supplies it. *For Goodness' Sake* is St. Thomas on the virtues dressed in the idiom of *Punch*. Given that idiom and the book's title, may one be pardoned the comment: "My Goodness, my Genicot!"

Fr. Boase, with St. Francis de Sales, aims at "persons living in the world." But however valiant his effort to keep the bank-clerk in sight, it is the clerk-regular he hits (not excluding an odd monk and reverend mother). Few modern books on prayer will be as useful to religious as Fr. Boase's unassuming guide to the slopes of prayer—the peaks he leaves to Northcott and others. How right he is in stressing and re-stressing that for so many who lead a "mixed" life the Night of Sense is not the comparatively brief affair presented by the text-books but may well remain the normal prayer atmosphere of their lives. How skilfully he charts the change from meditation to "the prayer of faith," that is, prayer in which the thought-factor is "not merely supernaturalized but experienced as such," and where so many are tempted to (and alas! do) turn back because of alarm or despondency at the clouding-over of their natural thinking powers. And how prudent is his sign-posting of those "purifyings and passivities." This is a wise and inspiring book; only the spiritually hydrocephalic will draw unhealthy conclusions from its sane and yet courageous teaching.

With *The Venture of Prayer* we are in the Baedeker class. It is a safe and competent Anglican guide leading from the valley of meditation to the high peak of Spiritual Marriage; or at least as safe as can be given on paper and in 300 pages! Its author is the first to warn of the necessity for local guides, though his "only for experts" warnings are deprived of some of their efficacy by his quite legitimate doubts as to who the experts are. As does Fr. Boase, he makes a swift traverse across the troublesome cliff of "Who are called to contemplation?"

In the chapters on contemplative prayer Northcott's wide reading both aids and hampers him: the quotations from the mystics are happily chosen but the variety of technical terms used is confusing. (Incidentally his quotations are almost completely from Catholic sources. *Il m'est permis de reprendre mon bien où je le trouve!*) Those making the venture of prayer are much more likely to be helped by those passages, whether the author's own or borrowed, in which prayer experiences are described in language free as far as can be from technicalities, for instance pp. 187, 190, 220.

One is glad to see that both authors speak of St. Ignatius's "methods"—not "method." Northcott, however, misses the inner meaning of the "Application of the Senses"; while the "moving-picture" aspect of Ignatian "contemplation" is perhaps over-stressed in both books. With review-limits in mind, and aware also of the danger of preciousness, may one suggestively describe that invaluable method of prayer as having much of Iñigo the Pilgrim, not a little of a Van der Goes or a Gerard David and more than a suspicion of Bérulle?

DONAL O'SULLIVAN

SHORTER NOTICES

Humanity and Happiness, by Georg Brochmann (Gollancz 14s).

"LIKE most intellectuals of my generation, I had always looked upon the idea of happiness with a certain distaste, almost contempt." Yet the writer of these words discovered during the horrors of Nazi-occupied Norway, that he had become a "happy man." He therefore decided to "study happiness," and, as a preliminary definition, linking Hadfield with McDougall, called happiness the harmonious development of one's instinctual energies in the direction of an ideal. This ideal would appear to depend wholly on what makes a person what he is. Nevertheless, Mr. Brochmann is no determinist; he is sure, in fact, that the ideal must be the "spiritual"—but it is impossible to tell what he means by that word. He has read much, and also experienced deeply, but he has formed no theology that one can detect. It is clear, however, that his background is Norwegian Lutheranism, so that he is mistaken in his views about Redemption (at least so far as Catholic belief is concerned), and also when he thinks that Christianity regards sexual activity as a sin, though a necessary one. Mr. Mumford's Introduction is so lyrical as to seem almost silly: "He who assimilates this book will be enriched by the best experience of our generation." The author is too modest to imagine that!

The Lacquer Lady, by F. Tennyson Jesse (Evans 10s 6d).

THIS fascinating book admits us to a new world for the imagination, because the marvellous Golden Palace of Mandalay was burnt down in the Second World War, and the reigning dynasty exists no more. Simply as a novel this book would enthral the reader: but it is, in fact, an accurate historical account. It was first published in 1929, but since then everyone mentioned in the book has died, so their real names can be given in the preface, as well as the names of the distinguished personages who provided Miss Tennyson Jesse with such detailed information. Moreover, the true causes that led up to our annexation of Upper Burma are related, and the tragi-comedy of human lives takes precedence over the commercial considerations which were deemed to justify our action. But we could dispense with all that for the sake of the picture of the Palace life—its splendour and its squalor, its luxury and cruelty, its intrigues and its fatuity, its fantastic beauty and appalling clashes of taste. Yet even this must not dazzle us to the subtle character-drawing and the authoress's insight into the minds of English and natives alike, and of "Fanny," that daughter of a Greek and a Burmese woman whose love affair and insane jealousy ended by setting in motion the Indian government with its "platonic remonstrances." We think this book is a masterpiece.

A Dark Stranger, by Julien Gracq (Peter Owen 10s 6d).

THIS book (put into all-too-good English by W. J. Strachan) is said to have had a notable success in France, and this is a cause for regret. It concerns a group of people who are enduring a holiday in a small Breton hotel, and it is with surprise that we find that some of them can swim and even play golf. The author turns the brisk air of Brittany into a sort of watery glue; the sunshine becomes wan like the light in tanks of an insufficiently cleaned aquarium; the very Atlantic manages to be oily. This is no doubt due to the thoughts and talk of the personages who make their way through the glue, especially of the half-wit who is the "I" of the book. This is said to be affine to Poe and to Proust; it is difficult to find the resemblance, but no matter. Under the influence of a "strange and dominating" man, Alan Murchison, the rest "move to their destiny" in a sort of restive trance. Mr. Murchison apparently ends by drinking poison, unless this is symbolical—and here indeed is a touch of Maeterlinck—"Hark! I hear a Symbol coming down stairs!" The jacket depicts, one would say, a very malformed embryo already putrescent. The one safe conclusion is that none of these people had the right to live in so sane a land as Brittany.

The Trouble of One House, by Brendan Gill (Gollancz 12s 6d).

THE heroine of this novel is a dying woman, in bed, and very much the victim of her managing sister who must be very well drawn, so does she exasperate us from the outset. At the beginning the sick woman, Elizabeth, is rather insipid and anxious to be pitied; but gradually she shows how deep is her nature. This too is good drawing, subtle rather than just clever. One is now a little tired of the sick-nurse who schools herself to be so much more starchy than she need be; and also of the rather oafish young priest who is really more spiritual at heart than the plump, glossy, golf-playing Monsignore, his rector. There are two enchanting children, and whenever they appear the brazen skies are cooled, and the rasp no more applied to our nerves. There is no doubt that the author springs, with this his first novel, into the maturity of his penetrating yet affectionate insight.

The Covenant: A Novel about Abraham, by Zofia Kossak (Wingate 15s).

THE vocation and vicissitudes of Abraham certainly provide material for a high romance, and we are glad that the Bible story is not contradicted, though it is enormously amplified, in this book. Life in Ur, in the desert, in Egypt and in Canaan is described with a wealth of learning which we can presume is reliable. Fancy has its full play with the characters and accidental episodes. But we miss the economy and the music of the words used by the Authorized Version, which nothing can surpass, in the story of Abraham's intercession for the Cities of the Plain, of the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael, of the sacrifice of Isaac. The mysteriousness of the account of the Covenant struck between God and Abraham (Gen. xv) vanishes in Mrs. Kossak's long-drawn and explanatory account of the ritual observed; and the diction and even the method of the book continually remind us of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, particularly in the very vivid account of the destruction of Sodom. But what is remarkable is the author's way of making Abraham see something supernatural in a natural event, such as the meeting with Melkizedek, or the visit of the Three Men.

More Poems, by Eileen Duggan (Allen and Unwin 7s 6d).

IT is to our grave loss if we do not know the best of English-written literature from overseas. Miss Duggan sings, like Horace, on a slender reed, but what a revelation of her own genius and indeed of New Zealand were her earlier books, *Poems* and *New Zealand Poems*! It was

Walter de la Mare who first used that word "revelation" and spoke of her spontaneity, originality, and kestrel-like swoop on to the one right word or cadence. After finding New Zealand so different from Europe but so lovely, I felt that Miss Duggan had expressed that difference and that loveliness as no one in Europe could and (so far as I could see) no one else in New Zealand did. I was at my happiest when she spoke of New Zealand birds and trees and used many a Maori name. If it be said that those were "children's poems," well, it is a high compliment to say that anyone can write well for children, and I am delighted to find that not only I but the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *Manchester Guardian* had enough of the child in us to love those earlier verses! The New Zealand scents and colours are still to be caught in these later poems, but we feel as if the world-tragedy had been almost too much for her. However, as she bravely says, even in eclipse the "soul calls up its far reserves of light": eclipse is not extinction. There is a magnificent *karakia* which bids a Maori canoe travel to Ao-Teä-Roa—that "Long Bright Cloud" that we call New Zealand.

Here am I, begging that the great knowledge
 The enduring effort, may come to me
 Such as are possessed by Thee, O the All-Parent,
 That they may come to Thy son, O Heaven-Exalted! . . .
 Here I uplift my voice in prayer,
 Here launch I my canoe
 For thou art a consecrated canoe!
 Emerge! Be buoyant thy great keel
 With a great and long uplifting . . .
 As did the ancients, a powerful uplifting
 To the desired land
 To Ao-Teä-Roa!

May all this and still more be echoed in Miss Duggan's *Yet More Poems*!

The Imperial Theme, by G. Wilson Knight (Methuen 21s).

THIS volume of Shakespearian studies, largely devoted to the Roman plays, has been reissued twenty years after its first publication. It follows on *The Wheel of Fire*, which was the subject of a review in the January 1950 issue of *THE MONTH*. In that notice, Mr. Knight's strength and weakness as a critic were discussed at length. In a new foreword to the present volume Mr. Knight mentions his debt to Middleton Murry, who encouraged him in his elucidation of what he

calls the religious content of great poetry, and states once again his conviction that it is essential "to interpret an age in the light of its great books and men of visionary genius, not the men of genius in the light of their age." To those who find most academic Shakespearian criticism lacking in breadth, Mr. Knight's enthusiastic and large-minded approach may well be more satisfying.

Histoire de l'Église depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours: XVI: La Crise religieuse du XVI^e siècle, by E. de Moreau, Pierre Jourda, Pierre Janelle; XVII: *L'Église à l'époque du Concile de Trente*, by L. Christiani (Bloud and Gay, Paris).

History of the Primitive Church, translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger (Burns and Oates, Vol. I, 16s; Vol. II, 18s; Vol III, 18s).

The Church in the Christian Roman Empire, translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger (Burns and Oates 25s).

IT is a welcome task to note the publication of two more volumes of that monumental history of the Church, which under the editorship of Augustin Fliche and Victor Martin was planned some years ago to be completed in twenty-four volumes, of which eleven have now appeared. The first of these recent volumes, entitled *L'Église à l'époque du Concile de Trente*, is the work of Canon L. Christiani. Its first section deals with the history of the Council from its initial slow preparatory work to its final session in 1563 and combines with this an account of the political tension that developed between the Emperor and the Popes. The second section is taken up with the reform of the Church, particularly in Germany, Poland, France and Spain; the founding of new religious congregations, Theatines, Barnabites, Oratorians, Jesuits and the like; the reform of the older orders and the expansion of the Church in its missions to the New World and to the Far East, particular notice being given to the career of that great missionary, St. Francis Xavier. The author rightly insists that the title "Counter-Reformation" conceals an historical error, and explodes the myth that those who broke away from the Church were reformers and restorers of the practice and teaching of primitive Christianity. The so-called Reformation was in fact a revolution and its authors innovators. This truth so clearly perceived by their Catholic contemporaries is now being rediscovered by an increasing number of non-Catholic historians.

La Crise religieuse du XVI^e siècle may be said to be a companion volume to that of Canon Christiani, embracing more or less the same

period, but treating of different topics. In the first section of this work E. de Moreau, S. J., gives an account of Luther and Lutheranism and of its progress in Germany and other countries of Europe, adding a chapter on the controversies within the Lutheran camp and the efforts made by Catholic theologians throughout the Western World to reply to the new heresy. In the second section P. Jourda is concerned with the life and doctrines of Calvin, and the development of Calvinism in France, Switzerland and the Low Countries. The third section by Pierre Janelle is taken up with Anglician Schism under Henry VIII, the introduction of the new heresy under Edward VI and the restoration of the old Faith by Mary, with a final chapter on the progress of these movements in Ireland and Scotland.

Dr. Messenger, we are glad to see, is continuing his work of translating this history of the Church and to the four volumes on the Primitive Church has now added a further volume on the Church in the Christian Roman Empire.

Stonor, A Catholic Sanctuary in the Chilterns, by Robert Julian Stonor, O. S. B. (R. H. Johns, Newport 21s).

BE it said at once that Dom Robert Stonor's history of his ancient family and ancestral estates is a work well worth the writing. Three folded charts of pedigree from 1150 to 1950 and, perhaps more obviously, a chart facing p. 328 remind us how closely interwoven by marriage were the great Catholic families, both Northern and Southern, in the seventeenth century. Some of them are now extinct: others, alas, gave up the struggle, especially during that dark hour before the dawn of emancipation. To all of them present-day Catholicism owes an enduring debt.

Stonor Park—a charming view of the house in colour forms the frontispiece of this volume—dates architecturally from the early fourteenth century, with eighteenth-century additions. The family goes back another century or two; whilst Catholicism in the Southern Chilterns (discussed in an instructive introductory chapter) is at least as old as the fourth century. The earlier history is wisely centred around the more important personages, such as a Chief Justice of Common Pleas, a Canon of Wells, and so on. The story grows in interest when we reach the chapters dealing with the martyrs of the Reformation, the recusants and the Catholic exiles. Some half dozen pages concern Fr. Persons' secret press at Stonor Park; it is the most detailed account we know of. Much biographical information may be gathered from these later chapters, over which as is natural, broods the Benedictine *Pax*.

A Catholic Dictionary, by William E. Addis and Thomas Arnold (Routledge and Kegan Paul 35s).

THIS is the fifteenth edition of the well-known dictionary first compiled by Addis and Arnold and then re-edited by Dr. T. B. Scannell, and now revised by the late deeply regretted Mgr. Hallett of Womersley. Naturally no such vast enterprise can ever be fully up-to-date—for example, the present volume could not allude to the quite recent permissive legislation about the Holy Saturday ceremonies, and we do not see that it mentions those “secular” religious congregations, the development of which is so remarkable a symptom in modern Catholic life. (It does, however, devote a paragraph to the Grail, but separately and as such.) We are rather surprised that there is no article on Communism: but there are useful articles on the codification of Canon Law, the Settlement of the Roman question, recently canonized Saints, and various oriental problems. We think space could have been saved by writing, for example, “it is clear” rather than “it is as clear as the day,” which sounds rather combative and perhaps too colloquial for a work of this sort. But the book is a mine of information and of the highest value.

W. B. Yeats, The Tragic Phase, by Vivienne Koch (Routledge and Kegan Paul 10s 6d).

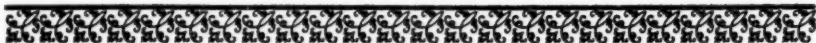
THE tragedy of Yeats's last years, as Miss Koch suggests, was his realization that the creative conflict in which he centred the dynamics of all cosmic and human relations could not be resolved. All his life he had committed himself to finding a solution to this struggle at the natural level, and in his despair he was reduced to falling back, as Dorothy Wellesley tells us, on preoccupation with “Sex, Philosophy and the Occult.” But these could not redeem, they could not even provide him with the communication and personal integration he was seeking. Out of the resultant suffering and frustration the great *Last Poems* took shape, and it is certain of these complex, highly charged and harrowing lyrics that Miss Koch is concerned to elucidate. She does so sensibly, sensitively and in most cases as successfully as can be expected, although “The Statues,” one suspects, does not quite yield all its layers of meaning to her. With one detail of interpretation it is possible to disagree: in “The Gyres,” Miss Koch takes “unfashionable” to mean “unsuited to the fashion.” This, she admits, introduces a prose quality into the poem and savours of sophistication. However, it may be that Yeats meant the word to be understood as “unable to be fashioned.”

British and American English Since 1900, by Eric Partridge and John W. Clark (Dakers 18s).

THIS is one of the Twentieth Century Histories, and is written for the general reader, but he will have to be a serious one, for the book is not a series of wise-cracks, nor do the two authors indulge in a slandering-match: they know that Canadians, Americans, South Africans, New Zealanders and many Indians all talk English: they know that literary English (poetry, the drama, the novel) is not the same as non-literary English, whether written or spoken, and that dialects, especially Cockney, hold a place of their own. Mr. Partridge, who is responsible for the section dealing with British English, has secured the help of many experts living overseas. Naturally he can pass by with brief though disgusted mockery commercialese, advertisementese and inferior journalese as they prevail in this country, but can be whipped into a real rage by the flattening-out of all originality by the democratic "education" and B.B.C. pronunciation from which our countrymen suffer increasingly. However, we think his attack on public school English is rather silly, if only because all vocabularies and pronunciations change as time goes on, and for that same reason we regard his wish for an artificial simplification of our language as quite grotesque. He seems to want a lump of chalk instead of an opal. As for American English, we have always both delighted in it and deplored it. It is far more creative than British English, though its scintillating expressions are usually short-lived (I doubt if the author has noticed that "sez you" is Italian—"lo dice Lei": many other examples of Americanized Latin could no doubt be found). Damon Runyon was a pure joy; Peter Cheyney was of course bogus and really parodied American: whole pages of other authors, who use what we must suppose is colloquial American, are to us quite unintelligible. But the American that is infecting us (not least by way of comic strips) is slovenly American—"wanna, gonna" for "want to, going to," or the irritating "going places"—perhaps it is the army which is responsible for the revolting expression "to contact a person." Much more serious, because directly demoralizing, is the word "tough." All our young savages who batter old women's heads for the sake of a shilling or two consider themselves "tough." Doubtless we shall be called donnish if we think that English is degenerating rather than developing, grateful as we are for the vivid indigenous expressions by which Australians and others are enriching it.

Salisbury, by R. L. P. Jowitt (Batsford 8s 6d).

THIS is a model guide to the history, topography and architecture of the youngest of our Cathedral cities having a Catholic foundation. Salisbury migrated from Old Sarum a mere 700 years ago, yet can boast of a greater record of distinguished citizens, remarkable buildings, and links with the general history of the country, than many more ancient towns. The book is an excellent example of the Batsford style: competently written, well printed and illustrated, and of a size that makes it equally useful for reading at home or to carry with one while exploring. Plans of the city and of the cathedral are in the forefront of the volume. The almost incredible story of Wyatt's "restoration" of the cathedral at the end of the eighteenth century is well told; and another point of curious interest is the footnote on page 29 which informs the reader that a small leaden casket "containing a fragment of clothing believed to be a relic of the Blessed Virgin," which was discovered during repairs to the spire in 1762 and was then carefully replaced under the capstone, "was not found during the repairs to this stone in 1950."



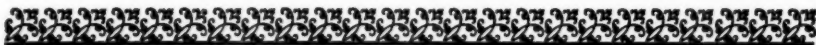
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